

Volume VIII
Number X

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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MADE IN U. S. A.

All day long..

children burn up precious vitality



HERE'S HEALTH FOR A RADIANT YOUNG MAN

*Borden's Chocolate
Malted Milk . . .
renews energy
like sleep itself*

THEY'RE at it all day long . . . racing, romping, clambering, shouting. Hardly a swift minute in the same place. Hardly a second really at rest. How *can* children be so active?

And yet the very fact that children are so active—that they spend every day such amazing amounts of energy mostly in play—is a sure sign that they're strong and healthy.

Encourage them. Let them pour out their young energy as freely as they like. Only make sure that they're storing up plenty of reserve vitality—to take the place of all that their active bodies are burning up every strenuous day. Above all, give them foods that are body-building. Foods that replace in full the energy that's been lost. Give them Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk.

There's nothing that can equal its

rich, chocolate-flavored goodness—the amazing speed with which it actually builds new energy—restores strength and health. Made from wheat and barley grains and *whole* milk with all the rich cream left in it. Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk contains all the vitalizing elements so necessary for growing young bodies. Proteins, that build tissue. Carbohydrates, that produce energy. Lime salts, that make bones and teeth stronger. Precious vitamins.

Above all, it's *real malted milk*. No chocolate drink but malted milk contains the butterfat so indispensable to growing young bodies. The true malt enzymes that make it so readily digestible. Your children

need it. Only when you buy it, make sure that the words *malted milk* appear on the package.

Children like to drink it. Even those who can't be coaxed to drink milk. Mothers appreciate that. It saves them endless trouble, too. It's such an easy way to get children to drink the necessary quart-a-day.

Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk is at your grocer's or druggist's. Buy a can today. The Borden Company, 350 Madison Ave., New York City.

*Watch your children
thrive on it*

Lots of mothers, too, are making a habit of drinking Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk—between meals and at bedtime. Whenever you feel more than ordinarily fatigued, stir up a creamy delicious glassful. You'll find you feel better—more energetic—all the rest of the day.



BORDEN'S CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK

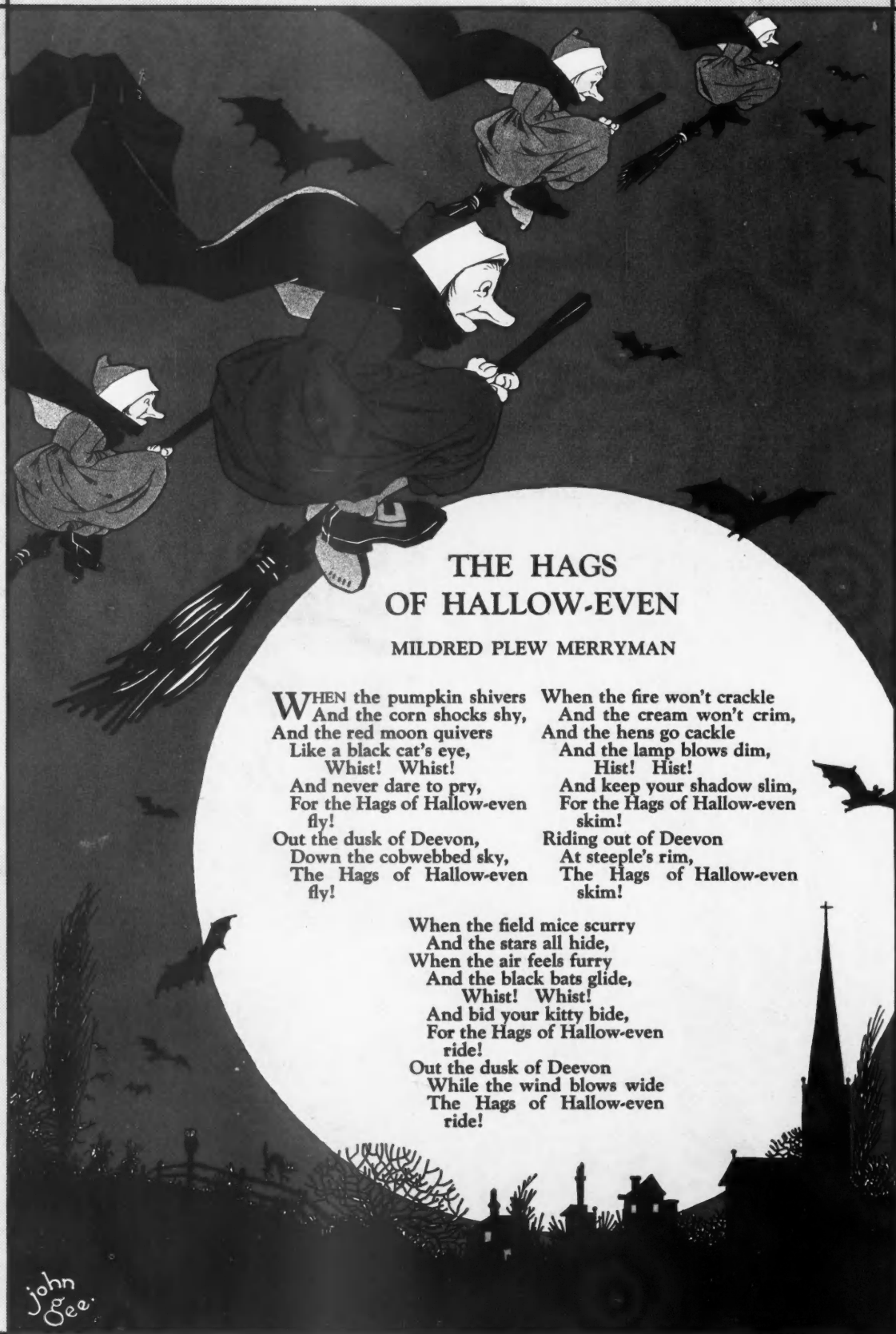


WHEN AUTUMN COMES

WHEN autumn wraps her golden days
In palest pink and purple haze
And tucks the squirrels and chickadees
To slumber in the drowsy trees,
The hilltops nod.

Then dawn comes creeping through the night
With orchid rays of morning light
And makes a vagabond of me.
Gay trees are all that I can see—
And goldenrod!

Rose Waldo
Editor



THE HAGS OF HALLOW-EVEN

MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

WHEN the pumpkin shivers
And the corn shocks shy,
And the red moon quivers
Like a black cat's eye,
Whist! Whist!
And never dare to pry,
For the Hags of Hallow-even
fly!
Out the dusk of Deevon,
Down the cobwebbed sky,
The Hags of Hallow-even
fly!

When the fire won't crackle
And the cream won't crim,
And the hens go cackle
And the lamp blows dim,
Hist! Hist!
And keep your shadow slim,
For the Hags of Hallow-even
skim!
Riding out of Deevon
At steeple's rim,
The Hags of Hallow-even
skim!

When the field mice scurry
And the stars all hide,
When the air feels furry
And the black bats glide,
Whist! Whist!
And bid your kitty bide,
For the Hags of Hallow-even
ride!
Out the dusk of Deevon
While the wind blows wide
The Hags of Hallow-even
ride!

BLACK AND GOLD

NANCY BYRD TURNER

EVERYTHING is black and gold,
Black and gold, tonight:
Yellow pumpkins, yellow moon,
Yellow candlelight;

Jet-black cat with golden eyes,
Shadows black as ink,
Firelight blinking in the dark
With a yellow blink.

Black and gold, black and gold,
Nothing in between—
When the world turns black and
gold,
Then it's Halloween!



THE AMERICAN INDIAN

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES

*Mus. Doc. Composer, Piano-Lecturer-Recitalist; Ex-president of the Society of American Musicians
Late of the Piano Faculty, American Conservatory, Chicago, and now Professor of
Musical Art and Aesthetics at Scripps College, Claremont, California.*

INDIANS! Indians! They crowd into my thoughts and into my heart, too, for I have just returned from a visit to several of the Indian reservations in the southwest and have seen and heard much—pleasant and unpleasant.

At first I was going to say how sorry I am that you American children were not with me, that you might really know and like our American Indians as I do, but perhaps it is best that you first read about them, for in many reservations their poverty and childlike helplessness stare one in the face, and such sights blind one to the good and the love of beauty that is in so many of them.

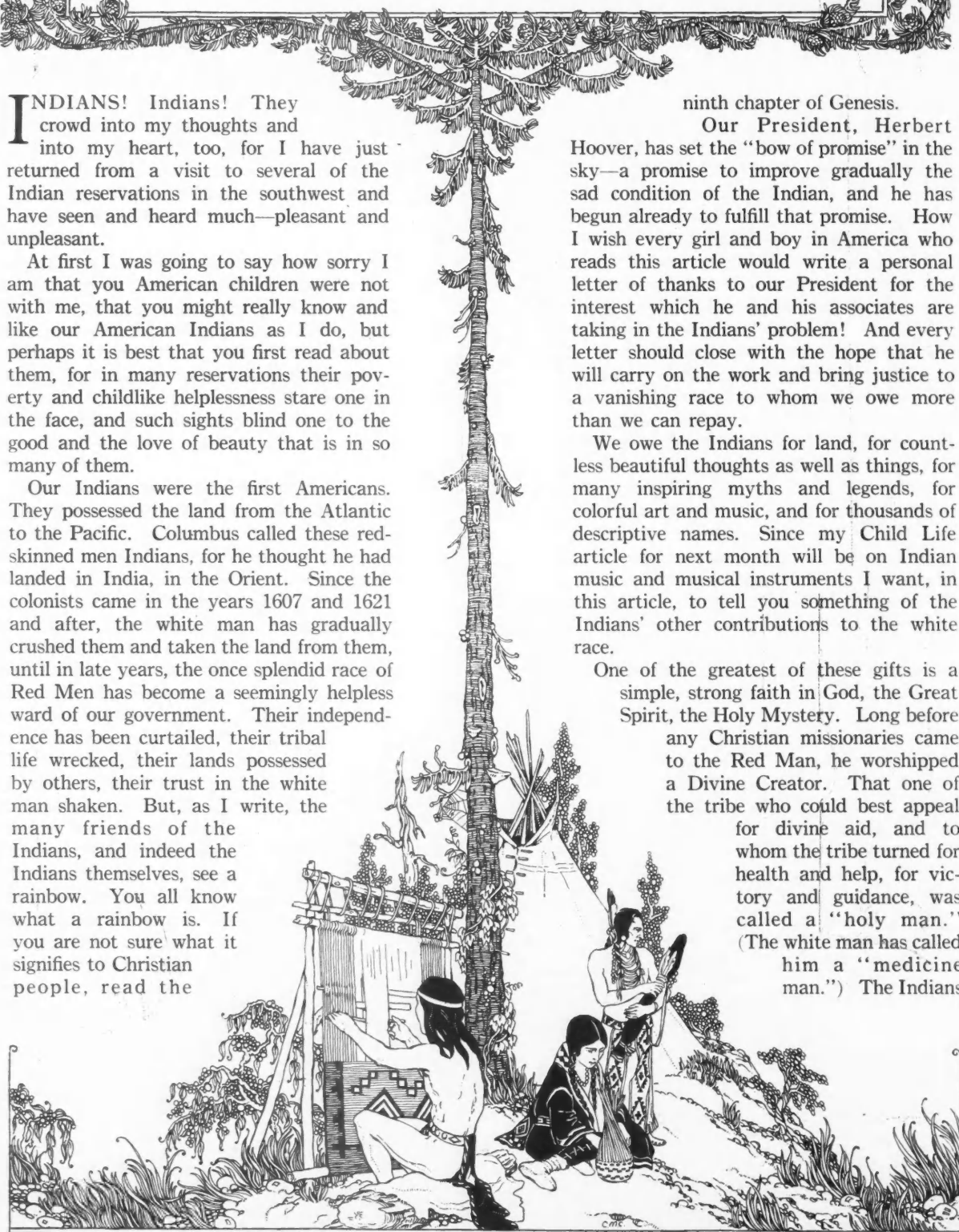
Our Indians were the first Americans. They possessed the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Columbus called these red-skinned men Indians, for he thought he had landed in India, in the Orient. Since the colonists came in the years 1607 and 1621 and after, the white man has gradually crushed them and taken the land from them, until in late years, the once splendid race of Red Men has become a seemingly helpless ward of our government. Their independence has been curtailed, their tribal life wrecked, their lands possessed by others, their trust in the white man shaken. But, as I write, the many friends of the Indians, and indeed the Indians themselves, see a rainbow. You all know what a rainbow is. If you are not sure what it signifies to Christian people, read the

ninth chapter of Genesis.

Our President, Herbert Hoover, has set the "bow of promise" in the sky—a promise to improve gradually the sad condition of the Indian, and he has begun already to fulfill that promise. How I wish every girl and boy in America who reads this article would write a personal letter of thanks to our President for the interest which he and his associates are taking in the Indians' problem! And every letter should close with the hope that he will carry on the work and bring justice to a vanishing race to whom we owe more than we can repay.

We owe the Indians for land, for countless beautiful thoughts as well as things, for many inspiring myths and legends, for colorful art and music, and for thousands of descriptive names. Since my Child Life article for next month will be on Indian music and musical instruments I want, in this article, to tell you something of the Indians' other contributions to the white race.

One of the greatest of these gifts is a simple, strong faith in God, the Great Spirit, the Holy Mystery. Long before any Christian missionaries came to the Red Man, he worshipped a Divine Creator. That one of the tribe who could best appeal for divine aid, and to whom the tribe turned for health and help, for victory and guidance, was called a "holy man." (The white man has called him a "medicine man.") The Indians



have lesser gods, too,
but the point to re-
member and upon which
you should read is that
from birth to death, the In-
dian brought the Great Spirit
—his God and ours—into

every act and question of his personal
and tribal life. One of our poets has trans-
lated an Omaha prayer in these words:

"Ho-oh Wakonda! (God)
Behold the Pipes
That breathe the breath of prayer!
O Sun, our Father,
Strengthen us with thy mighty beams!
Earth, our great Mother,
Feed us from thy living streams!"

*From "Sacred Tree" Pageant Text,
Dr. Hartley B. Alexander,
Music, Dr. Henry P. Eames*

Indians love color and design. Their
baskets, beadwork, pottery and blankets
have been admired and copied the world
over. Each color and each design has a
definite meaning to the Indian. Thunder,
lightning, rain, wind, flood, friendship, and
fear—each is pictured in line and color, so,
besides pleasing the eye, to the Red Man
the designs on blankets or baskets tell stories
or paint pictures. Many tribes have lost
or forgotten their cunning in these primitive
arts and crafts, but—as in the case of some
of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico—with
the support and encouragement of their
"pale-faced" brothers, they seem to be
able to take them up again. To do
this would be one way for the Indian
to regain his independence and self-
respect, for no one can either respect
himself or be really inde-
pendent who has no regular
work to do.

The love of Indian mothers
for their children, as that of
the children for their mothers,
is quite as deep and
unfailing as with

white mothers and
children. The Indian
seldom shows either
by his actions or by word
of mouth his inner feel-
ings, but many times when
visiting them, I have seen
evidences of deep and genuine
love between an Indian mother and her
children.

Indian children play games just as you
children do. One of the most popular
games of the Omahas is "Uhe bashon shon"
which means "The Crooked Path," the
same game that we call "Follow the
Leader." It is played to the singing of a
little song.

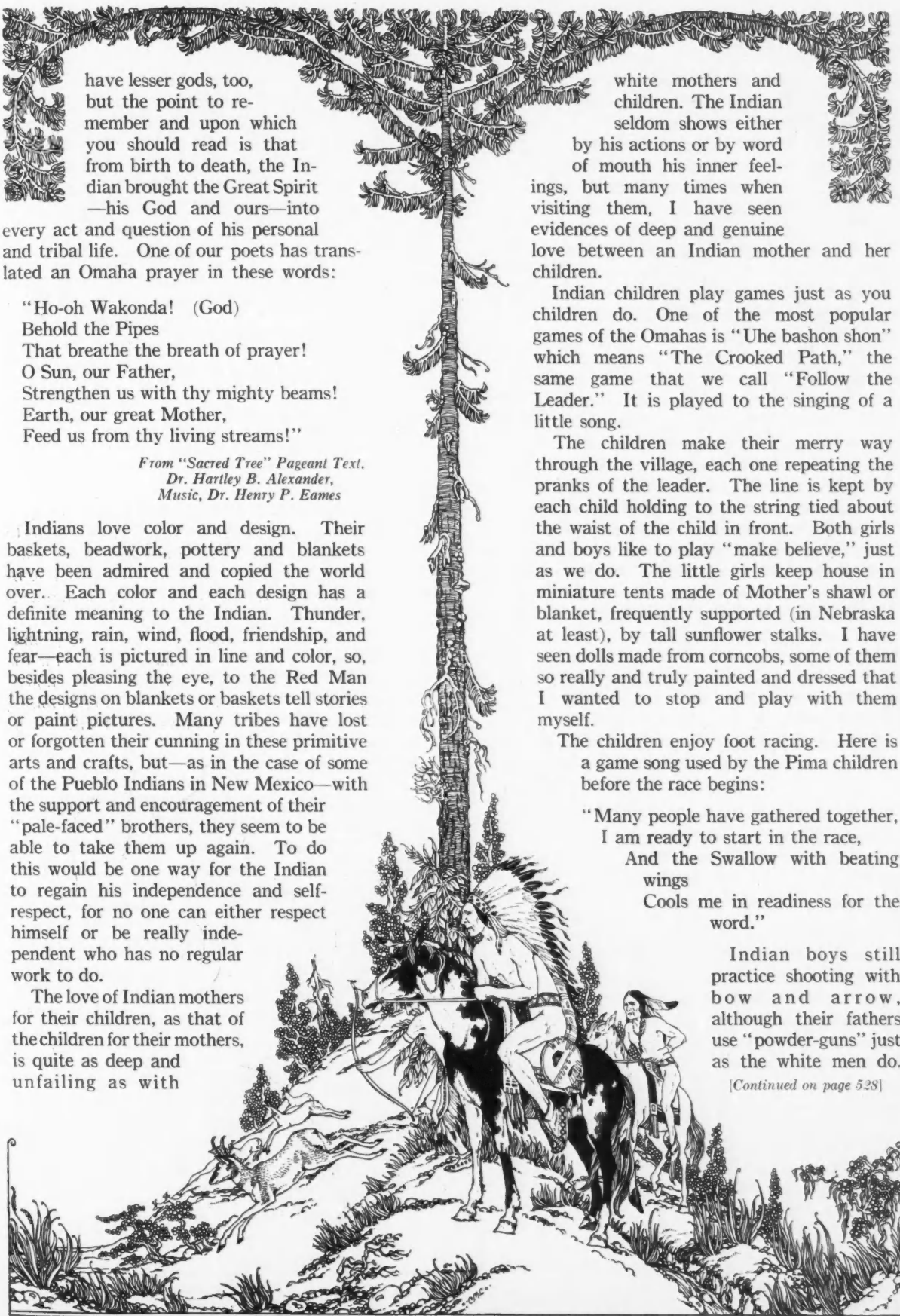
The children make their merry way
through the village, each one repeating the
pranks of the leader. The line is kept by
each child holding to the string tied about
the waist of the child in front. Both girls
and boys like to play "make believe," just
as we do. The little girls keep house in
miniature tents made of Mother's shawl or
blanket, frequently supported (in Nebraska
at least), by tall sunflower stalks. I have
seen dolls made from corncobs, some of them
so really and truly painted and dressed that
I wanted to stop and play with them
myself.

The children enjoy foot racing. Here is
a game song used by the Pima children
before the race begins:

"Many people have gathered together,
I am ready to start in the race,
And the Swallow with beating
wings
Cools me in readiness for the
word."

Indian boys still
practice shooting with
bow and arrow,
although their fathers
use "powder-guns" just
as the white men do.

[Continued on page 528]





JUST think! It will soon be Halloween, and all the spooks, goblins, witches, jack-o'-lanterns and black cats will be waiting for a chance to celebrate.

You and I, of course, must celebrate too, so let's make funny little invitations in the form of black cats. You know how kitty humps up her back, fluffs out her tail and almost seems to say, "S-c-a-t," when she sees a dog! Well, we shall cut our cats out of black pasteboard, but we shall leave off their tails! Next we shall cut out some very large fluffy-looking tails and fasten them on to our kitties with small paper fasteners, so that the tail moves up and down.

Then, across Miss Kitty's tail we shall write the following invitation in white ink or crayon:

This is the tale of a Halloween cat,

Who wants you to come as quick as s-c-a-t
To my front door, and give it a knock.

On October at o'clock!

When the little guests are admitted, on the day of the party, they are all given homemade black paper bags to wear over their heads concealing their identity completely. Faces of cats may be sketched with yellow crayon on every bag, slits being cut for the eyes and nose. Even whiskers can be made by running coarse waxed thread in and out of the bag, clipped off at just the proper length for a self-respecting kitty!

To start the party off in the "cattiest" manner possible, we shall all form in line and, while the phonograph plays a lively tune, we shall follow a very kittenish leader all around the house! We may be forced to march with our hands behind our backs, or creep quietly, crawl on all fours, poise ready for a spring, crouch on the floor, and perhaps even *purr*; who knows? Anyway, we may truly be said to *pussy-foot* nimbly in *every* direction!

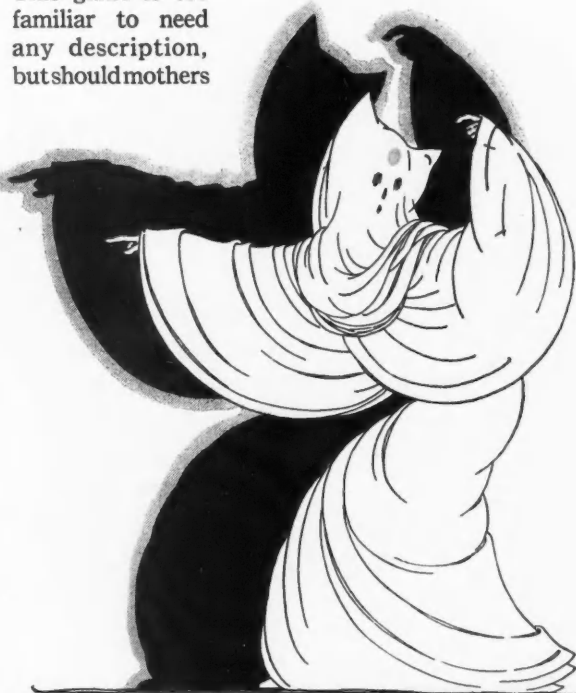
After the march of the cats we shall sit in a circle

on the floor (still wearing our cat-masks, mind you!).

A leader is chosen to stand in the center of the circle and say the words, "S-c-a-t, cat!" in a voice as much like a cat as possible. The player who guesses the identity of the leader first, then occupies the center, and the former leader is allowed to remove his mask. One by one, the players are revealed during this game, so that it need not be necessary to lose the play spirit for a moment during the party.

After a quiet game we shall have a lively peanut hunt, using the black cat-bags as containers for the nuts, which are hidden in corners all about the house.

No Halloween party is a success without bobbing for apples in a tub or dish-pan half filled with water. This game is too familiar to need any description, but should mothers



"FOLLOW ME — ONE AND ALL



object to their boys and girls getting their heads wet, the players may each in turn try to spear the apples with ordinary pins, if they can!

The cat-tish game of "meow"

is so well liked by boys and girls of all ages that they never seem to tire of it, especially when the grown-up is a dramatic story-teller, and can put a lot of expression into the reading of "The Three Little Kittens Who Lost Their Mittens!"

Everyone sits in a half-circle on the floor, the grown-up facing the group. The story must contain the word, meow, at frequent intervals. Whenever that word occurs, every little listener falls forward on his knees and repeats, "Me-ow," with a great show of discomfort manifested by his tone of voice.

Suddenly a ghost appears! (It is really a grown-up dressed in a sheet and pillowcase.)

"Follow me—one and all

Into the Black Cat's banquet hall!"

loudly calls the ghost, leading the way to the dining room.

As the boys and girls enter, they see a most amazing sight. The dining table is decorated in orange and black. The room is quite dark, except for the glow from the small lighted jack-o'-lanterns at every guest's place. These jacks are made of

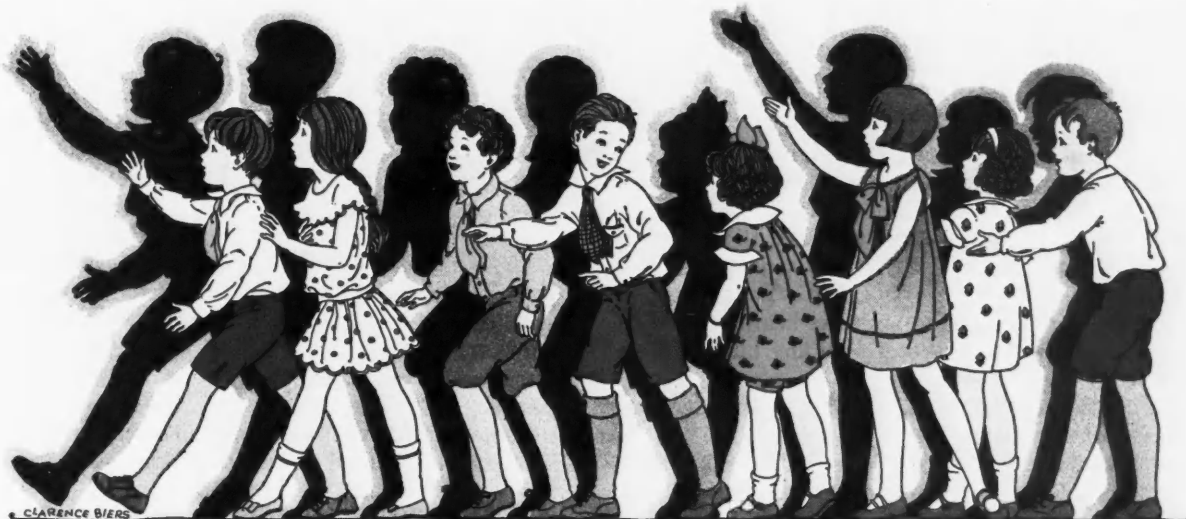
oranges, scooped out like pumpkins. In the center of the table is a large Halloween witch's caldron, or iron kettle, from which real smoke seems to be rising! This effect is gained by placing lighted incense in the bottom of the caldron and covering it with a strainer for protection. Many beautiful sprays of orange bittersweet berries are laid on top of the strainer, almost concealing the caldron itself. Black witches, made of clothespins covered with oblong pieces of black crepe paper, seem to be wildly riding astride the smoky branches, while tiny toy cats (concealed by the bittersweet) form a charmed circle about the base of the caldron. Each cat has an orange ribbon around its neck which extends outward to every little guest's place. When the ribbon is pulled, out jumps Mr. Cat to be carried home "to show Mother and to keep."

The table is covered with orange-colored crepe paper, while small black pasteboard cats are scattered here and there over it.

The place cards are very unusual. They are orange-colored cats (like the invitations) cut from pasteboard and tied around every guest's water glass with pieces of narrow black ribbon. Each cat bears a girl's or boy's name written in black ink across the upturned tail, while each tumbler contains delicious orangeade, and a straw with which to drink it.

Orange ice cream, if packed in a circular carton, may be cut in thick, round slices. These may be made to resemble jack-o'-lantern faces by adding eyes, nose and mouth of licorice drops. A large white cake, covered with orange-colored frosting, also may be given a face in the same manner.

There is not a single boy or girl, however, who doesn't just love toasted marshmallows, especially when each one has been placed on top of a thin round buttered cracker, then toasted under the flame until it almost runs over the sides of the cracker. When served hot, they are delicious!



CLARENCE BIER
INTO THE BLACK CAT'S BANQUET HALL! "



THE BUREAUS WITH EARS

By EDITH MASON ARMSTRONG

Author of "The Three Agathas"

THE Mason children were in a great state of excitement. A telegram had come from Ed, one of their older brothers who was working in Colorado that summer. This was the way it read:

"Have sent two little bureaus by freight. Feed and water them."

It was mystifying news. How could you feed and water two pieces of furniture? But there was a twinkle in their father's eye which made the children think he knew more than he pretended, and when he telephoned the freight depot, and found that Ed's present had arrived, there was a great clamor to drive into town with him to get it. But they couldn't all go and he decided to take four of the younger ones, Lonnie and Edie and George and Margy.

"How about that freight consignment for me?" he asked the gray-bearded agent when they reached the station, and showed him the telegram.

"Wall now, Mr. Mason," returned the old man, "I have got something here for you just as I told ye, but it ain't what you think. Your telegram calls for furniture, and though I've heard of bureaus with four legs, I ain't never seen any bureaus with ears!"

The children burst out laughing at the idea and their father smiled.

"It's all right, Mr. Hoag," he said. "I know all about it. It's a present from my son, but he said burros, not bureaus. Western Union made a mistake."

"That don't make it much clearer to me," said the agent as he led them around to the back of the station. "What they look like to me is just plain jackasses, and there they are!"

The children whirled round and there, tied to a hitching post, were two of the very smallest donkeys they had ever seen. They couldn't have been much larger than the average-sized Shetland pony. One was dark and furry with melting brown eyes, and rather thin, and the other was pinkish gray but sleek and fat. Both had engaging white noses.

"Oh, the darlings! Oh, the lambs!" cried the little girls, rushing up to the tiny creatures which were nibbling at some oats spilled in the road.

"Out in Colorado they call this small breed of donkey burros," explained Mr. Mason to the agent.

Mr. Hoag shook his head, as if to him a jackass was a jackass, no matter what you called him. "Here are the things you ordered sent by express from the city," he said. "I had Jim unpack them as you told me."

As he spoke, Jim, the long-legged boy who was the agent's assistant, appeared from the shed, trundling behind him a small two-seated blue wagon just the right size to fit the burros, while he displayed over his shoulder a little set of harness, new and sparkling.

"Oh, we can drive them! We can drive the burros in the cart!" shouted Lonnie and Edie and George and Margy, jumping up and down for joy.

It did not take Jim long to hitch up the new pets to the little wagon with its rubber-tired wheels

and leather-covered seats, and the children climbed joyously in, Edie on the driver's seat.

"My, won't the others be excited when they see us coming!" she exclaimed, clutching the beautiful new reins and carefully turning the burros into the road, while Jim walked at their heads.

Her father smiled at the sight. "I don't believe we will have any trouble getting them home," he said. "All you have to do is to follow me and drive slowly."

The children obeyed this command carefully, and for some distance all went well. The burros developed a tiny trot and every time they passed another team, Edie flourished the brand new whip, proudly, and her passengers sat up straight on the little seats and tried to look as if driving along a country road in Wisconsin behind a pair of Colorado burros was not unusual.

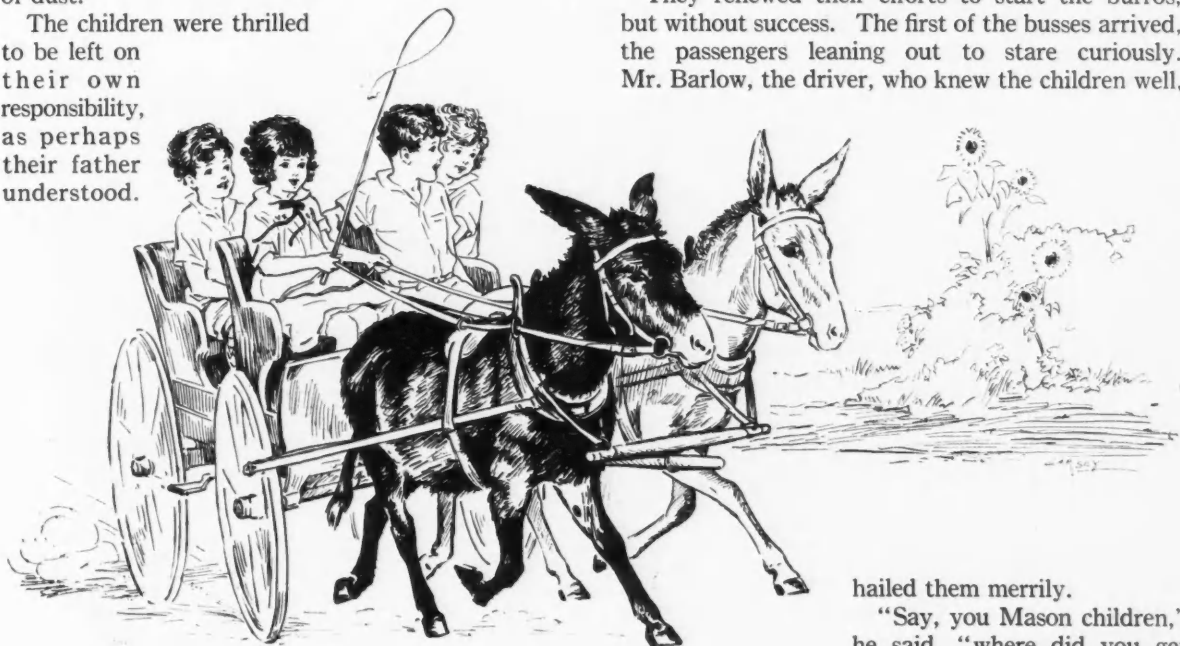
But the slow pace began to prove irksome to their father who was tired of holding in his pair of spirited bays.

"I think you'll be all right now. You have only half a mile before you reach home. What do you say, driver," he said, smiling at Edie, "if I speed on ahead and tell the others you are coming?"

"Oh, that's all right!" responded the little girl proudly. "I can manage them!"

Her father laughed. "I guess there is no danger of their running away," he said. "Well, good-by!" And off he went in a cloud of dust.

The children were thrilled to be left on their own responsibility, as perhaps their father understood.



"I think it's the most 'citingest thing that ever happened to the Mason children," said Margy, who was riding on the step of the wagon so she could keep a lookout over the tops of the burros' long ears. "Come on, Edie, make them go faster. We're coming to the bridge across the Outlet. Let's clatter

over it the way the big teams do!"

The driver agreed enthusiastically, and a few vigorous cuts of the whip shocked Rio and Denver out of their decorous gait. They exchanged glances of horror, as if they felt they had not at all deserved such treatment, and started off at a quick trot. The children cheered and Edie applied yet another dose of the whip. Resentfully, the burros broke into a humpy gallop which made the little wagon rock dizzily.

But the burst of speed ended at the bridge, for the minute the burros heard their hoofs on the boards, they came to an abrupt stop. "Good gracious," grasped Edie, "why do you suppose they did that? Get up, Rio, get up, Denver." But the burros did not obey; instead, they pawed the planks uncertainly and began sniffing and blowing at them as if they suspected something.

George and Margy hopped out and attempted to lead the team across, but the donkeys jammed their white noses together in a panic and planted their little black hoofs firmly in the dust.

The children wished they had not allowed their father to go on ahead. The noonday sun was beating down upon them much too warmly, and they didn't know what to do next.

"Dear me!" said Margy anxiously. "Here comes the twelve o'clock busses from town on their way out to the lake. We must cross before they get here. The bridge is too narrow for them to pass."

They renewed their efforts to start the burros, but without success. The first of the busses arrived, the passengers leaning out to stare curiously. Mr. Barlow, the driver, who knew the children well,

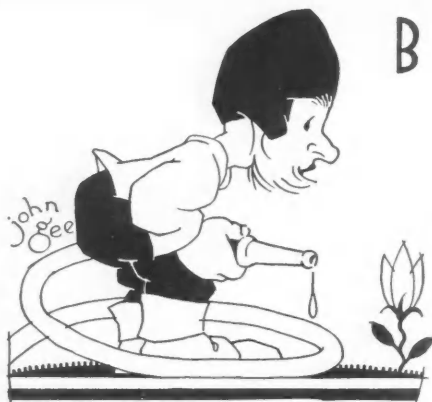
hailed them merrily.

"Say, you Mason children," he said, "where did you get them little mules, and why

don't they go ahead over the bridge? They're blocking the way!"

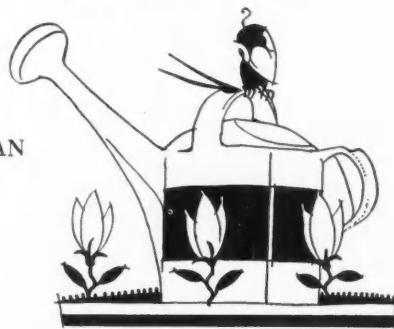
"We can't help it," Edie told him tearfully. "Our brother sent them to us from Colorado and we're trying to get them across the bridge, but

[Continued on page 527]



BUDGE BUDGE

By
MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN
Author of "Bonbon and Bonbonette"



ONCE upon a time there was a gardener whose name was either Budge or Budge Budge, nobody seemed to know which. When you said to him, "Gardener, what is your name?" a bit puzzled, he would put his finger to his forehead, think for a minute and answer, "Budge." But when you asked him to say it again, he was certain to answer, "Budge Budge," and since that was the only reply you could get out of him, no one really knew. Even the king and queen of Queue didn't and Budge Budge was gardener to the king and queen of Queue.

In looks, Budge Budge rather resembled a gnome. Indeed, there were people in the palace who insisted he was related to one.

He was little and bent and his knees were so loose that when he walked his boots went "skee-wump, skee-wump!"—like that. As for his hat, it was shaped like a pine cone, and usually he carried a watering pot that was nearly half his size.

In spite of the fact that Budge Budge was a gardener, there were a number of tasks around the garden he didn't like to do.

He didn't like to sweep the walks or to rake the leaves.

Even in the fall when they were red and crackly he didn't like it. All he really wanted to do was to take care of his flowers, and at that he was a wizard. He watered them and tended them and taught them how to grow.

On cold days he covered them with gunny sacks to keep the frost from their toes. He was always hovering over them and watching them.

He talked to them, too, but what he said was a secret between Budge Budge and his flowers. It was interesting to watch him. Sometimes, if you watched long enough, as he stood whispering and muttering

and coaxing them to grow, you would see their waxen petals slowly tremble and unfold.

He taught the buds how to open—he patted a stem and it grew. Finally, Budge Budge became so skilful that his flowers were the most wonderful in the kingdom. They were the largest and the most perfect. Still his magic increased. He worked less and whispered more.

Gradually, instead of using his garden tools, he taught them to use themselves. He said to the hose, "Kink!" and it kinked. He said to the spade "Dig!" and it dug. That, of course, gave him much more time to spend with his precious flowers.

Naturally, as you may imagine, this sort of thing caused considerable talk in the kingdom. People, when they heard of it, came for miles and miles merely to see the hose kink.

They watched him mumbling over his roses and they couldn't understand it. Puzzled, they shook their heads.

"Budge Budge had better watch out," said the people, "or he'll come to a bad, bad end!"

Even the king and queen became a little worried.

"I hope it isn't magic," murmured the king, "but he's certainly getting queer."

To tell the truth, Budge Budge himself was considerably puzzled at the things he found he could do. He began to grow proud of himself.

"How wonderful I am!" he thought. "I must become much more so! I must have roses like cabbages and geraniums like pumpkins. Everything must be bigger, much bigger than it is!"

He forgot to care whether his flowers were beautiful, if only he could make them gigantic. Yet he was cautious, too.

For instance, he never went home at night without turning off the magic.

"For even a rose must rest,"

AND IT WAS TRUE



said Budge Budge. "It can't work all the time."

So every evening before he left, he put the flowers to sleep.

Now it happened that late one summer evening as he was tucking them up for the night, a fire started in the castle and smoke rolled out the window.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted the lords and ladies in the castle.

"Fire!" cried the king and the queen.

"I'm a coming! I'm a coming!" answered Budge Budge, and shouting to the hose to follow him, he snatched up his watering pot and dashed away toward the castle, while the hose came lolloping behind. By the time he arrived, the fire was out, but in his excitement, not noticing that, Budge Budge tipped up the watering pot and thoughtlessly sprinkled the queen. Whereupon, with no warning at all, the queen began to grow.

"Stop it, you stupid!" cried the queen. "I've grown a foot already!"

And it was true. The poor queen had suddenly become so much taller than her husband that Budge Budge had to sprinkle the king to even them up again. By that time, he was so nervous and so embarrassed he didn't know what to do. Worn out with excitement, too tired to go home, he curled himself up in a rose bush and quickly sank to sleep.

Now unfortunately the rose bush, in which Budge Budge slept, was one which he had forgotten to turn off, so that gradually as he slept, the bush continued to grow. It grew and it grew and it grew. Now it was tall as an oak tree; now it tapered like a spire.

Next morning Budge Budge was awakened by the whizzling of the wind. He looked up. There was nothing above but air.

Dizzily he looked down. The rose bush reached below him for a quarter of a mile. Its leaves were large as carpets, its roses big as moons; its thorns were mighty swords. He trembled. Far below him he could see the castle turrets winking brightly in the sun. The wind wailed. It shook the giant rose bush and twanged it like a harp. He shivered.

Moving as carefully as he could among the thorns, he crawled into a rose and drew the petals round him.

"Now I know," thought Budge Budge, "how a worm in a lettuce

feels."

He tried to think what he could do for himself.

There was nothing. All his wisdom had been turned toward making things grow. He hadn't the faintest

idea how to ungrow them. Indeed, he scarcely dared think at all, lest his mind should work against him.

Picking his way, leaf by leaf as he went, he began to climb down, but as fast as he clambered downward the bush grew up and up. At last he fell into a spider web with threads like twisted rope.

"Thorns preserve me," murmured Budge Budge, "if I meet the spider now."

He wondered what a duel with a spider would be like. His knees shook when he pictured it.

Poor Budge Budge! All his pride was gone. He had learned his lesson.

"If ever I get back to earth," he thought, "I'll never be proud again!"

Far below him, he could hear the clop of a hundred axes.

They were trying to chop him down. As he slipped and clutched at a petal, the bush began to swing.

"I'm a-going! I'm a-going!" thought Budge Budge. "Oh, I hope I like where I fall!"

He was swinging now—back and forth and back and forth!

"Going—going—gone!" cried Budge Budge, and at that the rose bush roared like thunder, toppled, cracked at the base and fell.

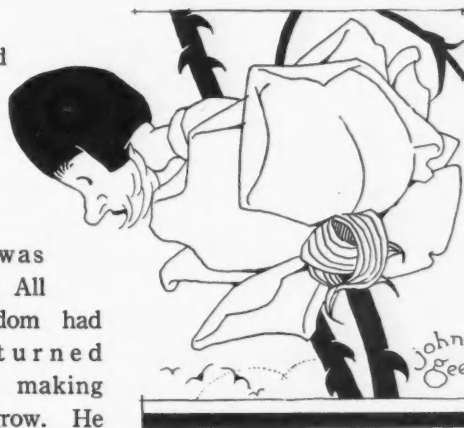
"Budge Budge," said the king, as they fished him out of the fish pond and hung him up to dry, "I hope you've learned your lesson."

As for Budge Budge, he was so drenched and so drippy and so glad to be back, he couldn't answer at all.

Instead, his boots did it for him.

"Skee-wump!" said his boots.

"Skee-wump!"



THE PURRING PUMPKIN

BY MARY MCKEE



CURLY-HAIRED Betty Ann had two playmates that kept her outdoors most of the time—from the day the first violet winked her blue eye, until the bright leaves began to rustle down.

One was Daffodil—Daffy-for-short. Daffy wasn't a flower, though. She had velvet paws instead of petals, a coat like yellow sunshine and a round plummy tail. So you know now that Daffy was Betty's cozy yellow cat.

And then there was Betty's garden, if you can call a garden a playmate. It was a pleasant little spot fenced off by itself, just like the Big Garden's baby. It was a funny garden, too—not a regular flower garden with a sundial and neat, straight walks and big splashy flower beds, not a vegetable garden, either, with bright crimson tomatoes and long rows of silky-haired corn.

It was a mixed-up garden, with a few of the flowers and a few of the vegetables. Here would be a row of morning-glories looking over a row of lettuce, and some tall, tall hollyhocks watching over some fat little radishes—and a snowball bush in the corner. Then there would be a hill of potatoes and a clump of catnip for Daffy. Now you know why it was a mixed-up garden.

Daffy was almost as interested and excited as Betty during seed-sowing time. There she was at Betty's elbow with her eyes round as could be, as she watched Betty making the little furrows and holes in

the warm earth. And when Betty covered the seeds up, Daffy had to give each spot a soft little paw-pat.

Of course, it was no time at all until tiny green shoots were showing above the ground, and then how Daffy frisked about the catnip as Betty sent the weeds flying with her bright-handled garden tools!

Betty was proudest of the pumpkin that grew near the snowball bush. All the sunlight and rains seemed to make it bigger and rounder and yellower, as the weeks passed.

"Daffy," said Betty, as the little cat frolicked about the pumpkin one day, "he's going to be a jack-o'-lantern on Halloween. He'll have eyes and nose and a big grinny mouth. And there'll be a light inside him. You'll never know him."

"Pr-r-r," responded Daffy, rubbing her head against the side of the pumpkin and closing her goldie-gold eyes. She was thinking about the jack-o'-lantern.

Then one day Betty tucked her school books under her arm and patted Daffy good-by. Pretty soon it frosted for the first time. And then everybody started gathering bright leaves and began talking about bobbing for apples.

Two days before Halloween, Daffy didn't come to the kitchen door for her saucer of milk in the morning.

Betty called and called that evening—but no Daffy. So feeling a bit lonely, she

[Continued on page 520]



DINAH COMES

BY

ELEANOR
VERDERY
SLOANCLARENCE
BIERS

Author of "About Ellie at Sandacre."

TYKEY was a dog—the kind of a dog called a Boston bull terrier. He had a brown and white face, and the rest of him was brown and white, too. He could smile and he could frown. He could even laugh. And he could gr-rrrr-owl. My! How he could gr-rrrr-owl!



Tykey was a great fighter. He fought every other dog that came near enough, and he barked and barked and gr-rrrr-owled at the rest. He fought cats. He fought pigs. He fought cows. And he would have liked to fight horses. Only the horses shied and ran away. So he ran after them and barked and barked and gr-rrrr-owled instead.

Everybody loved Tykey. They loved him because he could smile—and because he could wag his tail *so hard*.

But just the same they wished sometimes that he was not quite such a fighter, because they would have liked to have—well, a kitten, for instance! But Tykey surely would chew a kitten to pieces. Look at the terrible fight he had with the big black cat last spring! The big black cat lost most of its fur and half an ear. And that wasn't all.

But then when Tykey wagged his tail *so hard*, you just couldn't be cross with him. You had to forgive him.

One day Edie said, "Well, I just don't care. I want a kitten and I'm *going* to have one. I shall teach Tykey not to touch it. You wait and see. You watch me."

And one day a little later Edie did actually bring home a little kitten—a little teeny weeny



round furry ball of a kitten, a kitten with round blue eyes and small pointed ears, a kitten with an absurd straight tail, a kitten that was soft and grey all over with only a little white bib under its chin and little white socks on its feet. You never saw such a kitten! No wonder Edie wanted to bring it home!

"Its name is Dinah!" she said.

But everybody said, "Oh, *Eedie*! Tykey will chew it up. He'll gr-rrrr-owl at it and then he'll bite it."

"Well, come and see," said Edie. And she took the kitten and went to find Tykey. And everybody followed her to see.

She found him sleeping in the sun on the back porch, his nose between his paws.



Right away, he seemed to know something was the matter.

He jumped up.

He looked fierce.

He gr-rrrr-owled.

Edie stooped down with the kitten in her arms, so Tykey could really see it.

"If he should jump at me," she said, "somebody hold him. But don't touch him unless he really jumps."

Perhaps Tykey had never seen such a teeny weeny round furry ball of a kitten before. He seemed just a little puzzled, now that he could see it curled up in Edie's arms. He couldn't decide quite what it was—whether he really ought to bite it or not.

He came nearer.

He sniffed.

He gr-rr-rrrrrr-owled—a low uncertain rumble.

"Tykey," said Edie very sternly, "*don't touch the kitten! Don't touch Dinah!* You have to be nice to her."

Gr-rrrrrr! said Tykey.

He came nearer.

[Continued on page 529]





INTRODUCING

EMMALINE } three little witches, with peaked hats, black
 ARAMINTA } capes and everything.
 JOANNA }
 CHUCK, their father, a goblin radio announcer.
 HULDA } children, who are just the age you want them
 HAL } to be.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: The Windy Glen Broadcasting Station is a field at harvest time. A small stack of hay, a few pumpkins and some cornstalks are scattered here and there. It would be spooky if you could have a stuffed owl and a black velvet cat perched on two posts, one on each side of the stage.

The microphone is really an electric fan that is placed on a kitchen stool or small table near the center of the stage. A hassock or small stool is next to that, for the announcer to sit on. As the curtain goes up CHUCK bustles in with an alarm clock and some papers. These he places on the table, consults the clock and sits down importantly.

CHUCK (*fidgeting*): Black bats and broomsticks, but those witches are late! Here it is nearly a quarter-to-Halloween already, and we're due to go on the air right away!

VOICE (*off stage*): Me-aw! Mi-ew! Too-whit! Too-whoo!

CHUCK: What's that, owls and pussy cats?

Witches are on their way? Be here any moment? They'd better be! [*He gets up and paces back and forth excitedly, flapping his coat tails as he walks.*] They'd better be!

VOICES (*off-stage*): Meaw! Mi-ew! Too-whit! Too-whoo! Too-whoooooooooooooooooooo!

[*Music is now heard off-stage. Perhaps a phonograph is playing Grieg's "Anitra's Dance," Schytte's "Witches Revels," or Heller's "Avalanche." At any rate, it is danc-y and weird.*]

CHUCK: Quarter-to-Halloween—and the Windy Glen Broadcasting Station *must* go on the air! Oh, here come the girls!

[*Enter WITCHES at the left, swishing their brooms and singing.*]

WITCHES (*singing to the tune of "Ten Little Indians"*):

One little, two little
 Three little witches,
 Fly over haystacks,
 Fly over ditches,
 Slide down the moon
 Without any hitches—
 Hey-ho!

Halloween's here!

CHUCK: Girls, girls, wait a minute, can't you? We're not on the air yet. Tell papa what made you so late!



JOANNA: Please, papa, I lost a slipper. See? *[She sticks out a slipperless foot, but he blinds his eyes in shocked disapproval.]*

EMMALINE: We couldn't find it.

ARAMINTA: And you know what that means!

CHUCK: Lost a slipper on Halloween! And if a mortal finds it he'll find us! Dear, dear, Joanna, how could you! How careless! I must speak to you, young lady, after the program! It's time for *that* now. *[He sits down by the microphone, smooths his hair, clears his throat and puts on a set smile, while all the witches pull from their pockets tiny powder compacts and huge powder puffs. They squint in the mirrors and powder their noses while Chuck announces them.]*

CHUCK *(very distinctly in the microphone)*: Good evening, everybody! This is station WTCH speaking, broadcasting direct from our studio at Windy Glen on a wave length of 2222222222 kilocycles. This program is furnished you to-night through the courtesy of the Halloween Magic Corporation, manufacturers of goblin wings and witch broomsticks, whose slogan is "Good to the last flop!" The first number you'll hear is a song by Emmaline, Araminta and Joanna, three little witches with a lot of go in them.



[He steps back from the microphone and beckons the witches who put their arms around each other's necks and cluster about the instrument.]

WITCHES *(singing to the "Ten Little Indian" tune)*:

One little, two little
Three little witches
Fly over haystacks,
Fly over ditches,
Slide down the moon
Without any hitches,
Hey-ho!
Halloween's here!

EMMALINE:

Horned owl's hooting—
Time to go riding!
Deep in the shadows are
Black bats hiding,
With gay little goblins
Sliding, gliding,
Hey-ho!
Halloween's here!

ARAMINTA:

Stand on your head with
Lop-sided wiggle,
Tickle your little black
Cats till they giggle,
Swish through the clouds
With a "Higgledy-piggle!"
Hey-ho!
Halloween's here!



JOANNA (*softly*):
 Dust off the silvery stars
 Till they're gleaming,
 Down where the will o' wisp's
 Beckoning, beaming,
 Dance in the dusk while the
 World lies dreaming,
 Hey-ho!
 Halloween's here!

ALL:

One little, two little
 Three little witches,
 Fly over haystacks,
 Fly over ditches,
 Slide down the moon
 Without any hitches,
 Hey-ho!
 Halloween's here!

[Enter HULDA and HAL, holding a witch slipper. Unseen by CHUCK and the witches they slip behind a haystack.]

CHUCK (*stepping to the microphone as witches end their song and begin to hum the tune as they dance around the field*): The next number on our program to-night is a short talk by Mistress Emmaline on "What a Well-Dressed Witch Should Wear." Mistress Emmaline! (*The others yawn and doze.*)

EMMALINE (*reading from a paper into the microphone*): On these brisk autumn evenings when we witches go a-riding in our new-model broomstick airsters—so easy and safe to operate and so artistic in design—what shall we wear? During my last non-stop flight down the Milky Way I found a light-weight slip-on cape the chic

thing to don over a youthful ensemble of black crepe, whose skirt, of course, had the new uneven hemline. Silver half-moons and cat designs are coming back into vogue for cape trimmings. As for colors, important tones are grey, silver, and smoke-brown to be worn during the afternoons. For evening goblin green and shadow-blue may be donned but for the well-dressed witch black never loses its smartness. Thank you. [*She leaves the microphone and CHUCK, before taking her place whispers to JOANNA, "No, you needn't speak to-night."*]

CHUCK (*wakening ARAMINTA*): The last number on the program from Station WTCH, the Voice of Windy Glen, will be a short cooking chat by Mistress Araminta.

ARAMINTA (*reading from a paper into the microphone*): During these frosty harvest days when an unexpected guest parks her broomstick in front of your hut, what do you put in your caldron? Gone are the days when witches eat baked bats and white owl feathers. Something different for our buffet suppers but something very, very good is the demand. Here is an inexpensive caldron recipe that is easily prepared. Are your pencils and papers ready? Here it is. Grind a dozen asters, cowslips and buttercups into a cup of milkweed. Stir in half a pound of dogwood and a pinch of catnip. Cook over a witch-fire thirteen blinks. Garnish with goldenrod and serve immediately. Thank you.



[CHUCK takes her place at the microphone.]

CHUCK: Station WTCH, the Voice of Windy Glen, signing off at exactly three blinks to Halloween. Good night, everybody. [He comes away from the microphone.] Well, that's over with. [He stops to caper joyously, but suddenly catches sight of HAL's foot sticking out from the haystack. In a stage whisper.] Black Bats and broomsticks, there's a boy! [He stamps his foot in annoyance.] A bo-o-o-o-o-o-ooy!

WITCHES (powdering their noses again): A boy! Oooooooooo!

JOANNA (wistfully): A boy! I've never seen a child close up. I've always wanted to play with one.

ARAMINTA (fearfully): Boys might break our broomsticks.

EMMALINE (wrathfully): Sometimes they play awful pranks on Halloween—and then we, perfectly good witches, get the blame.

CHUCK: Of course no child could come here unless he found Joanna's magic slipper. That alone would lead him here. It's Joanna's fault entirely. [He peers around at HAL's leg again.] He must be asleep!

EMMALINE and ARAMINTA: Joanna's fault entirely.

[They all line up in front of JOANNA and shake their fingers at her.]

JOANNA: I don't care what you do to me. I dropped it on purpose.

ALL: You dropped it on purpose!

JOANNA: Yes! I was lonesome for some real children to play with. I used to fly past their windows at night and watch their mothers tuck them in. I wanted to know some—so—I dropped my slipper!

CHUCK: One—two—threeeeee!

[At the word, three, the other two witches jump towards JOANNA crying, "Ooooooooooooo!" and grab her by each ear.]

CHUCK (folding his arms like a pirate chief): Joanna! You have brought mortals into Windy Glen. No well-bred witch would do that. It simply *isn't done*. You deserve— [He stops impressively and each little witch puts her hand up to her ear in order to listen better.] You deserve no-dessert-for-supper. You deserve to be banished-from-all-our-parties. YOU-DESERVE-TO-BE-TICKLED!

JOANNA (her finger in her mouth): O——pleeeeeeeeeeease don't!

[HAL and HULDA, who really haven't been sleeping at all, decide it is time for them to interfere. They rush forward, pulling CHUCK and the witches away from JOANNA.]

HAL: Stop! Stop! Please.

HULDA: Leave her alone—please.

HAL: She didn't mean any harm. And we don't either.

HULDA (to JOANNA, who is staring rapturously at her): Here's your slipper. I'll help you put it on. [She hops up and down.]

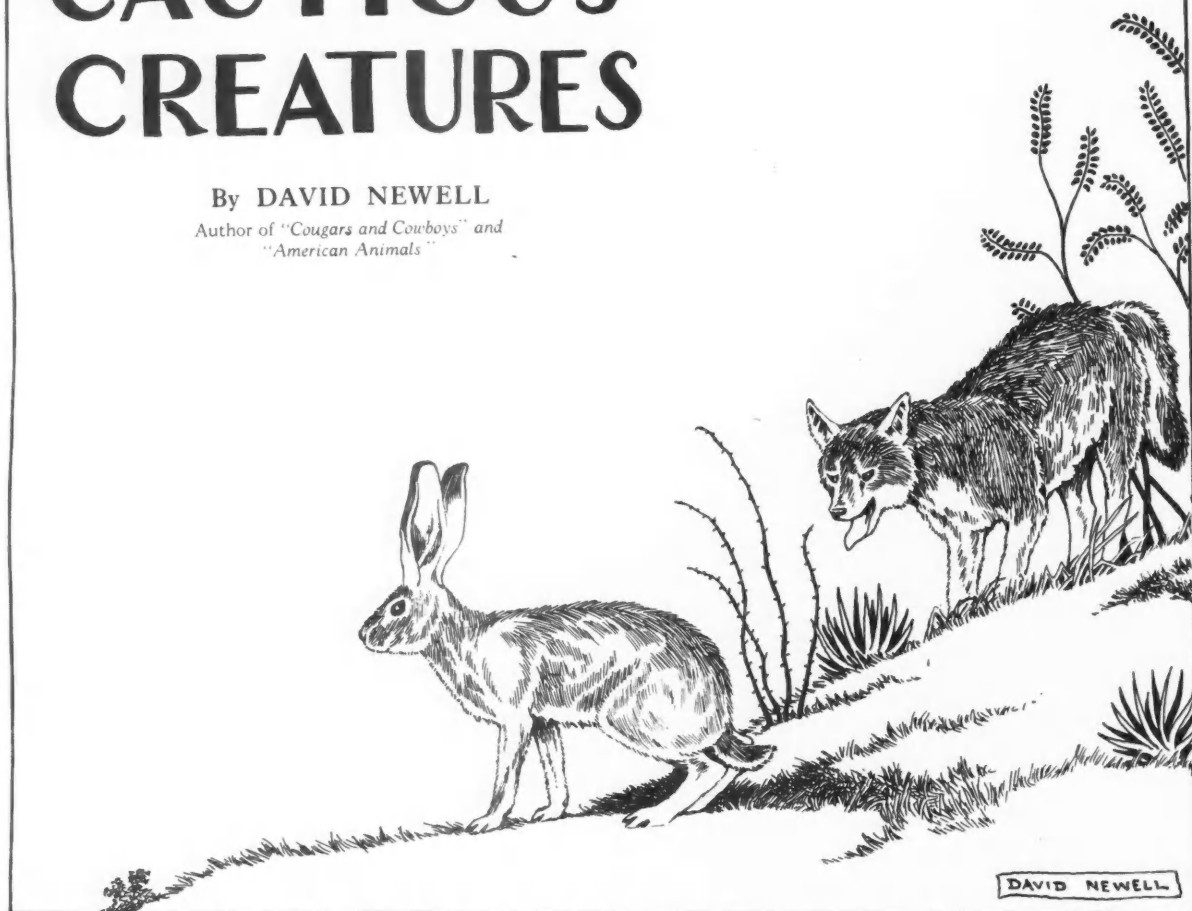
[Continued on page 531]



CAUTIOUS CREATURES

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys" and
"American Animals"



JACK RABBIT

WHERE the cactus desert slopes up to the blue foothills, the jack rabbit makes his home.

He scratches out a sandy bed, which is called a "form," and there he likes to doze when the sun is hot. He lays his big ears flat on his back, and lies so still that it is next to impossible to see him until he bounces out of his bed.

Jack rabbit has to keep a continual lookout for eagles, foxes, and coyotes. His nose is always wiggling, trying to discover the presence of an enemy. If an eagle swoops down jack rabbit goes racing away at top speed, and when he runs at top speed he is hard to catch.

Here you see that a sly old coyote has slipped up behind jack rabbit. The coyote knows that jack rabbit has sensed danger, and a fast race will soon begin! The rabbit's powerful hind legs are gathered under him like steel springs, and at the first move made by the coyote he will bound away like a rubber ball. Of course a coyote can run pretty fast, and it may be that this one will catch

up with jack rabbit. But even then the rabbit has a bag full of tricks left, and when old coyote thinks that he has just about won the race, jack rabbit will dodge to one side like a streak of lightning! The coyote cannot turn as quickly, and in this way jack rabbit gains on his enemy. Unless coyote is very careful, he will lose his meal, and jack rabbit will stop under a mesquite clump two miles away, safe and sound!

Every once in a while a hungry bobcat will stray down from the hills, and then jack rabbit must be even more alert than usual, for everybody knows how silently a bobcat can steal along on its soft, furry paws. But if a bobcat makes a leap at jack rabbit and misses, there is nothing left for him to do but sit down and growl, for cats are short-winded beasts and it would be useless for any cat to try to catch a jack rabbit in a fair race. Jack rabbit knows this, and he is not worried much by any bobcat if he can just discover his enemy first.

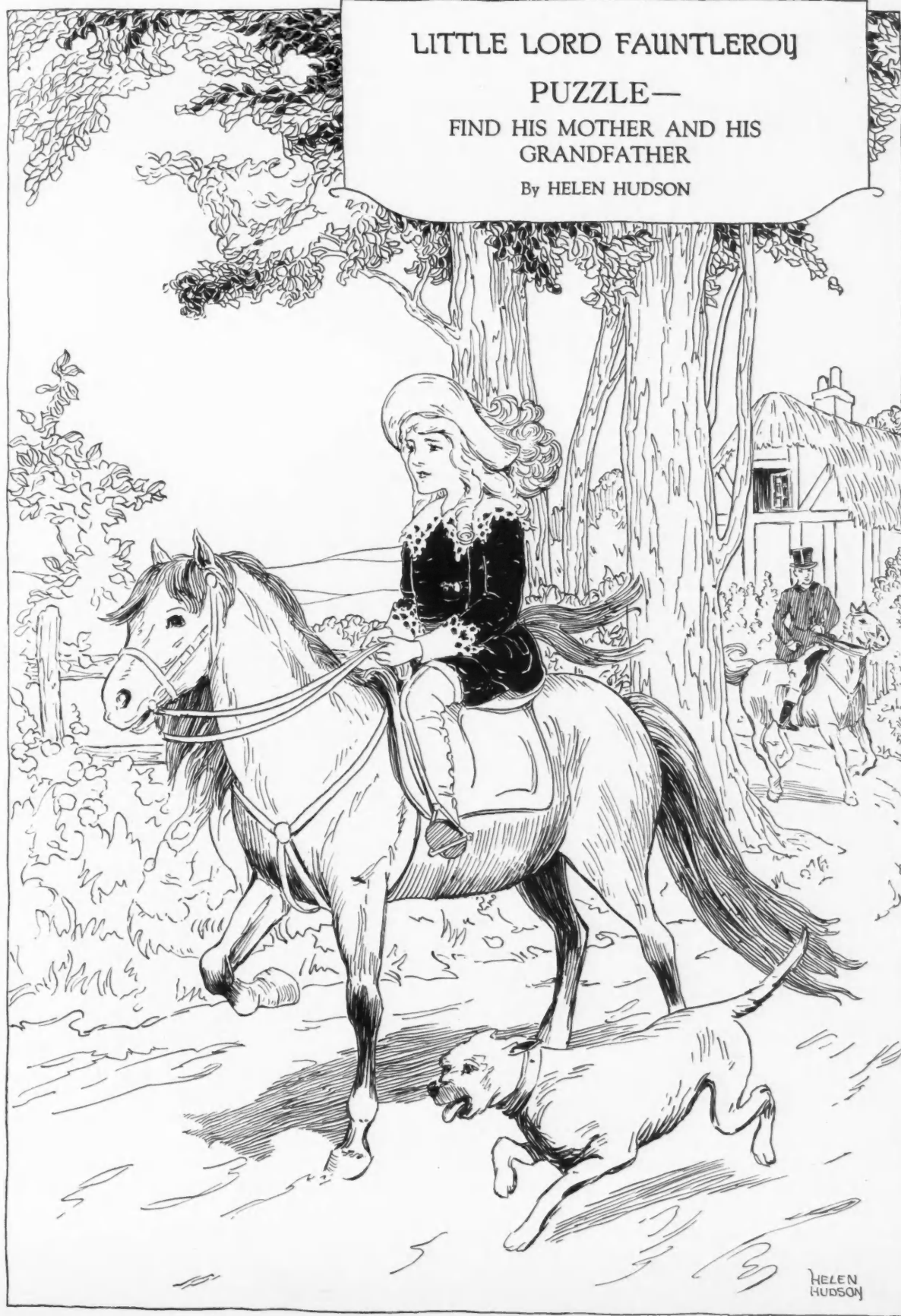
(For contest directions, see page 517)

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

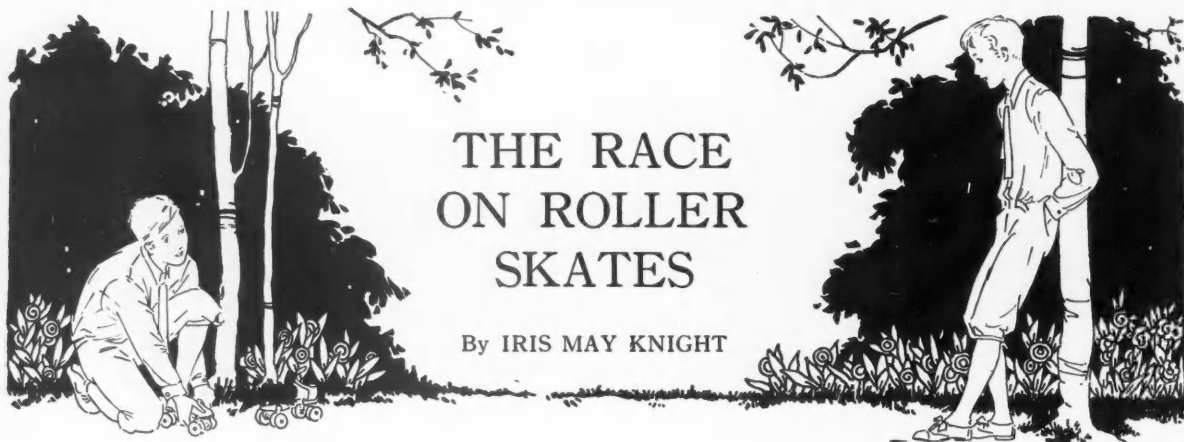
PUZZLE—

FIND HIS MOTHER AND HIS
GRANDFATHER

By HELEN HUDSON



HELEN
HUDSON



THE RACE ON ROLLER SKATES

By IRIS MAY KNIGHT

HULLO."

Andy Waters looked up. It was his new next-door neighbor, Francis Frame.

"Hullo yourself," he shouted cheerfully, as, having fastened his skate strap in the last notch, he skated rapidly toward Francis.

"Want to go skatin'?"

"I can't. I lost my skates last fall. Mom says she can't afford to buy me any more."

Andy glanced admiringly toward his new neighbor's long legs. Just the right kind to make a fast skater!

"That's hard luck, Francis, because if you had some skates, maybe you could be in our skating race this Saturday."

"Skating race? What's that?"

There was a note of eager interest and wistfulness in the new boy's voice as he spoke to Andy.

"You see," explained Andy, "all the boys in our block are going to have a skating race. We've divided into two sides, and there are about five boys on each side. One team is called the Sunnysiders, because most of the boys live on the sunny side of this street. The other team is called the Shadysiders, because they mostly live on the shady side of the street. I'm a Sunnysider, of course."

"Boy! Don't I wish I had some skates?"

"You see," Andy continued, "the losing team has to treat the winning team to a hike and weiner roast afterwards. I'll have to go now. We're meeting in the vacant lot on the corner to talk over some plans. I'll let you use my skates sometime when I'm not using them."

Andy skated slowly and thoughtfully toward the end of the block. It was a shame about Francis Frame! He hadn't lived in the neighborhood very long, and none of the other boys knew him or seemed to want to know him. Francis's parents were very poor, and so Francis didn't own a bicycle, or a football, or even a pair of skates, as did the other boys in the block. So the new boy was left to himself a great deal, and must often be very lonely. Yes, it certainly was a shame about Francis!

"I ought to do something about it," Andy said aloud, although there was no one near enough to hear him.

As he skated up to the vacant lot on the corner, he was greeted by the captain of the Sunnysiders, a large athletic-looking boy called Buddy Bowers.

"Time you got here! We were about to begin without you."

"Say, Buddy," Andy began after a pause, "don't you think we could use another boy on our team? That new boy, Francis Frame?"

"No, we can't use any more boys, Andy. Besides, he doesn't belong in our gang."

"He looked sort of lonesome—"

"We just can't do it. The Shadysiders don't have more than five on their team, and it wouldn't be fair for us to take on an extra boy."

"I hadn't thought of that," Andy responded. "No, it wouldn't do for us to have more on our team than the Shadysiders have."

Every afternoon during the remainder of the week, the shrill sound of skating was heard constantly on both sides of Arlington Street. Andy practiced very hard, for his heart was set on the Sunnysiders winning the race. Still, he couldn't help feeling discouraged about himself at times, for, although he refused to admit the fact to anyone else, he knew that he was not a particularly fast skater, in spite of his practice.

Once Buddy Bowers had spoken to him.

"Those Shadysiders surely have some fast skaters on their team. We'll have to go some to beat them. Can't you make a little more speed, Andy?"

Andy had tried, but he was not very well satisfied with the result.

Once Francis Frame came out to the sidewalk and admiringly watched the Sunnysiders skate past. Somehow it made Andy feel uncomfortable, and he remembered his offer of allowing the new boy to use his skates.

"After this race is over, I'll let him use my skates all he wants to," he decided, "and I'll see that he gets acquainted with some of the other boys in this block."

Suddenly Andy stopped skating. He had an idea. "But I don't want to do it," he argued with himself. "It's too late to do anything about it now, and besides, he probably can't skate much. I don't believe that boy has any muscle."

Andy went to bed that night, still trying to make a decision. The next day was Friday, and when he awoke in the morning, his thoughts were still on the race. Buddy stopped for him on the way to school, and the two boys discussed their chances of winning the race.

"D'you really think we can do it?" queried Andy, somewhat anxiously.

"Of course," Buddy replied confidently. "We just have to win. They beat us last year, but we're not going to let 'em do it again."

Suddenly Andy knew just what he was going to do about the idea which had come to him the day before.

Even though he wasn't a really fast skater, it was in his power to help his team win the race. Moreover, it was in his power to help Francis Frame win some friends in the neighborhood. He could scarcely wait for school to close. Not once did he waver in his determination.

Finally three o'clock came, and Andy, free for the day, skated as rapidly as possible in the direction of Francis's home. It was not far away, and arriving there, Andy settled himself on the ground near-by, and whistled.

Francis came out at once.

"Hullo," he called, gayly, when he caught sight of Andy. "What you doing here?"

"I have something important to talk over with you," Andy responded. Then he added casually,

"Want to use my skates for awhile?"

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Francis in a delighted tone. "Mind if I skate up to the corner and back before we talk?"

Andy watched Francis almost enviously as he sped toward the corner. It was true that Francis didn't appear to have much muscle, but his legs were longer than Andy's, and they carried him to the corner and back in a remarkably short time. As he skated towards Andy, cheeks flaming, eyes aglow, he seemed a very different boy.

"It surely is fun to be on skates again!" he exclaimed.

"How would you like to take my place in the race to-morrow?" Andy inquired.

"What do you mean?"

Francis looked surprised.

"You see," Andy explained, "you're a faster skater than I am. My legs are too short. The Sunnysiders just have to win this race, and if you skate instead of me, our team is more likely to win. I'll let you use my skates, and you might practice awhile this afternoon."

"What will your captain say?"

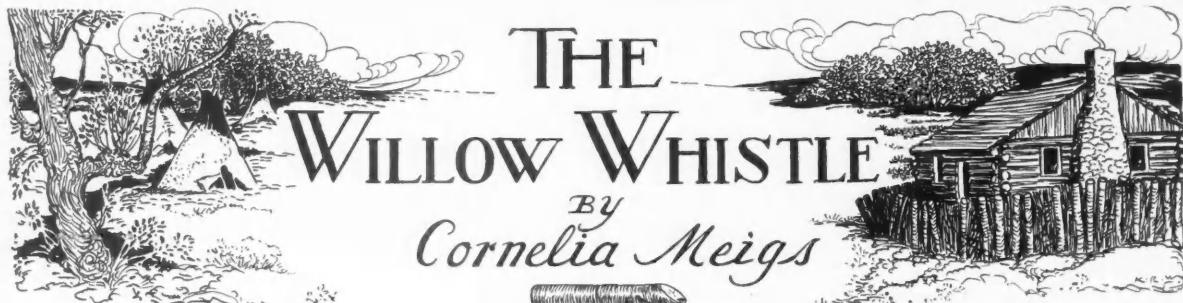
"I'll make it all right with him. It's for the good of the team."

"All right," Francis agreed, rather slowly, "if you're sure you want me to do it."

As Andy turned in at his own doorway a little later, he

[Continued on
page 523]





Author of "Rain on the Roof," "The Pool of Stars," "The Trade Wind," "Clearing Weather," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Mary Anne was not in the least afraid of the tall Indians, members of the Sioux tribe, who came to buy and sell at her father's trading station. John Seabold, her father, had tried to teach them better ways of living, and sometimes he even tried to make them understand how much better off they would be if they could stop their endless quarrels with the other tribes. But despite his kindness to them he could not yet tell if they were his friends; he only knew they were not enemies. Mary Anne's only playmate was Eric Thorveg, a boy some years older than herself, who made her a willow whistle, with which she could always call to him, and taught her how to make one like it. Another friend was Gray Eagle, the Sioux chief, who often talked to the children by means of signs and his scanty English, until at last they grew truly fond of him. One afternoon, as Mary Anne and her mother were watching the flock of turkeys and waiting for Eric, a sudden storm came up. At her mother's bidding Mary Anne ran after the frightened fowls to drive them home, and around a bend she came upon her Indian friend. He lifted her to the back of his deer-colored pony and jumped on behind. She tried to call to her mother, who was too far away to hear, and she tried to make Gray Eagle understand that he must take her home. But he only shook his head, and the horse carried them steadily away across the broad prairie.

PART II

ERIC THORVEG had been told by his friend, the Indian chief, to be at the playground beside the creek just when the sun had dropped to the level of the willow-tops. Because his grandfather had needed his help, the boy was late. Even though he ran a great part of the distance, and never thought of turning back when the rain began, he did not reach the stream until the storm had almost passed and the round red sun had just touched the edge of the prairie. There was no Chief Gray Eagle, no yellow-maned pony and no playmate, Mary Anne.

He looked all about him and saw, far across the rolling grass, a black dot disappearing to the westward, a moving horse with a blanketed rider. Surely there was someone else on the horse,

held in front of the Indian. Gray Eagle had carried Mary Anne away with him! Eric ran some distance after them and called with all his strength, "Gray Eagle, Mary Anne." The soft west wind, rippling the half-grown grass, carried his voice back. There was no hope that he could be heard by the distant rider who never looked behind him.

"Now," thought Eric, still in something of a daze, "I must go up to the cabin and tell Mary Anne's mother."

He turned into the path which Mary Anne's feet had trodden so deep in the meadow grass. He had run so far and in such haste that his legs ached and felt a little shaky. He walked slower and slower and, halfway to the Seabold cottage, he stopped entirely and sat down on the green slope to think a minute. He must tell Mrs. Seabold what Gray Eagle had done; he must explain to her that there was no reason for being frightened. But what was he to say?

Indians have strange ways, such strange ways that white men come to understand them very slowly.

In some respects the red men are more like children than grown people, so that it might easily be that a boy could take in their ideas more easily than a man or woman.

Eric, walking and talking every day with his good friend, Gray Eagle, even though each could understand so little of the other's language, had got to know something of the red men's habits and ways of thinking.

Gray Eagle had dropped words now and then of a way he and his comrades had of showing their friendship for a white man whom they had come to trust. It was to take the white man's



children to their camp for a visit, keep them for the space of seven days, and then bring them home again. The Indian would say nothing of his plan; he would simply take the children away and later return them. The white man also was supposed to say nothing; he was to show his trust in the Indian by waiting without question—if he could—until the children came home. Thus a friendship was to be pledged which was to last forever.

Gray Eagle had even let fall more than one hint that such a thing might happen some day to Eric and Mary Anne. When he had told the boy to be at the bend of the creek at sunset, it must have meant that this was the moment when the plan was to be carried out. But Eric had been delayed and the Sioux had gone with Mary Anne alone. Eric got up from the grass at last and went along the path. It was all so clear to him that surely he could explain it to Mary Anne's mother.

Mrs. Seabold was busy inside, but she had come to the door more than once to look for her little daughter. She was not concerned, even now. Perhaps she was thinking that Mary Anne had stopped under the shelter of the willow trees until the rain was entirely over. But it was Eric who came up the path instead to stand upon the doorstep and speak steadily, so that she need not take alarm.

Jane Seabold was a brave woman. Women who were real cowards did not come to the prairie country to live. She turned white when Eric got out his first stuttering news that her little daughter was gone, but she listened steadily to all he had to say. John Seabold came in before the boy had finished and stood hearkening also.

"I thought something like that might be going to happen," he said, when Eric stopped speaking. "Well, we can only wait. To try to go after her would only do harm. The Indians would never let us find her, and would be angry besides. Just keep steady, Mother; she will come back in a week."

Seven days can be very long, when three people are watching every hour ticked off by the big clock in the corner of the cabin. Eric would awaken in the night and count the days over again, to make sure that he had not lost his reckoning. He would wonder, for the hundredth time, what Mary Anne was doing and thinking. Was she sound asleep on buffalo skins beside a smouldering camp fire, or was

she awake, staring up at the pointed roof of the lodge and thinking about Eric, as he was thinking about her?

The seventh day came. Eric sat on the creek bank from morning until late afternoon, watching the wide, empty prairie for some sign of a loping horse, bringing Gray Eagle and Mary Anne home again. Mrs. Seabold came to the cabin door a hundred times and stood, shading her eyes with her hand, to catch the first glimpse of anything moving on that great stretch of green. John Seabold went to his store in the morning as usual, but he was back in an hour, walking uneasily from the cabin to the creek and back again. By the middle of the afternoon Eric's father and his grandfather had ridden over from their farm and had brought with them two Indians from the nearest village. They all stood watching together as the sun went down and no one came.

John Seabold went into the shed behind the house and brought out two saddle horses.

"There's no need to be afraid, even yet," he declared stoutly. "But we—we will ride out to meet them."

Grandfather Thorveg, it was arranged, would stay behind with Mrs. Seabold.

"Is the boy to go?" the old man asked doubtfully.

"We need him," John Seabold returned briefly. "I think he knows more about these Indians than we."

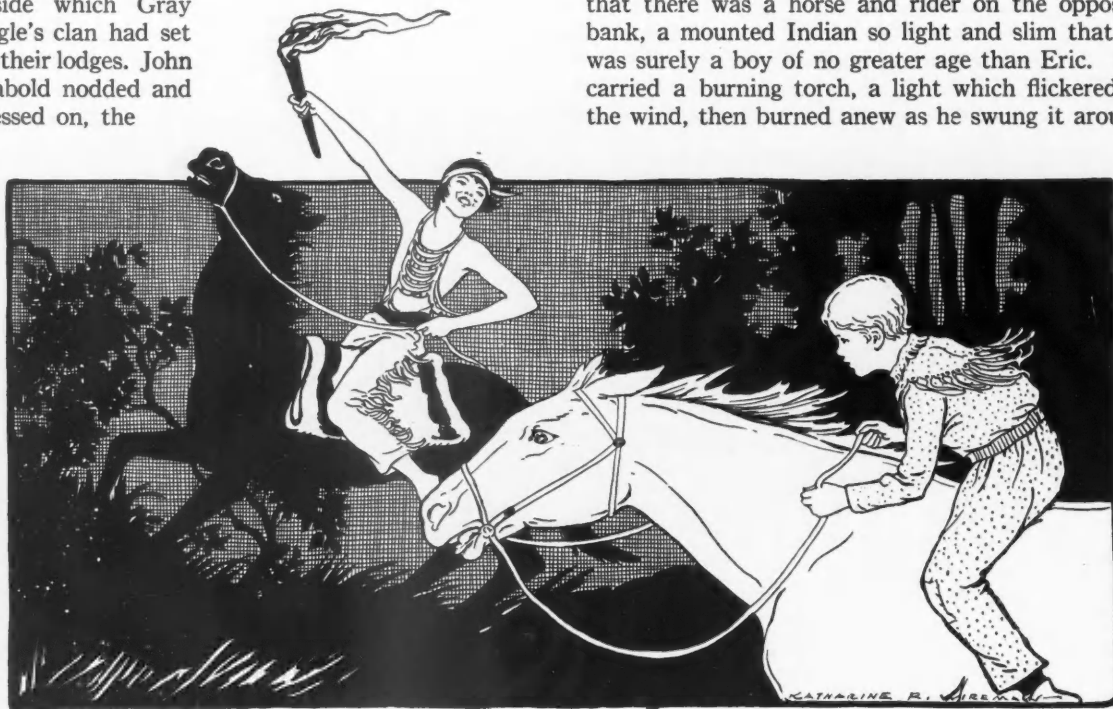
They rode, two men, two Indians and a boy, without talking as the sun went down, as the darkness spread over the prairie, then as the moon came up behind them and lighted the whole silent world with her cold shining. Coyotes barked; a deer stamped in the brush as they crossed a creek; a big, soft-winged owl swooped past them, almost brushing



Eric's shoulder.

"Do you know how far it is to Gray Eagle's village?" John Seabold asked one of the Indians at last. The red rider pointed to the moon now high overhead, then waved his hand toward the sky to the westward. He meant that the moon would be well down toward the horizon before they came to the wide river beside which Gray Eagle's clan had set up their lodges. John Seabold nodded and pressed on, the

pony's head to ride nearer and see what this darting glint of fire might be. It bobbed back and forth as he came closer but did not move away. Yet he could not come quite up to it, for Sancho was presently halted by a steep narrow creek-bed so full of deep, black shadows that it would have been madness indeed to plunge into it in the uncertain light. The moon however, made it clear enough that there was a horse and rider on the opposite bank, a mounted Indian so light and slim that he was surely a boy of no greater age than Eric. He carried a burning torch, a light which flickered in the wind, then burned anew as he swung it around



others trailing out behind him.

The ground over which they were riding finally began to be quite unfamiliar. Instead of the smooth grass, there were little stony ridges, with groups of low trees between them and small bushy thickets. Far to the north of them they could see in the moonlight a line of low hills.

"There is the gap where the river runs through," said Eric's father, pointing. "We can't be many miles from the village now. But I don't see any camp fires."

Eric was riding the yellow pony, Sancho, which was known to be both swift and lazy. The little animal liked racing, but this long steady gallop was not to his taste. He lagged behind the other horses and was beginning to pay less and less attention to his rider's efforts to make him hurry. He and Eric had got so far in the rear now that the four men ahead had disappeared over the crest of a ridge, up whose slope the loafing Sancho refused to climb with any haste.

As he looked away to the right to see if the climb might be less steep somewhere else, Eric was surprised to see a small light moving and dancing among some stunted trees not far distant. Scarcely thinking what he was doing, the boy turned the

his head.

"Hey-yah," he called, and whirled his horse about to stand even with Eric's while the stream ran between. There was challenge in the call, the challenge to a race, as even Sancho knew at once. He had been an Indian's pony before the elder Thorveg had bought him for a gun, and he had run many races, for racing is the sport which Indians love best.

Down the little valley the two horses and the two riders went thundering, first the Indian ahead, then the white boy. There were rocks and stumps and hidden hollows in the way, but these were heeded by neither boys nor ponies. The stream grew narrower as the chasm deepened, so that the two came closer and closer together in their headlong race. Again and again the Indian shouted aloud to his horse to urge him forward, while Eric only spoke low—"On Sancho. Get on and beat him."

They were neck and neck; the Indian was drawing ahead. Sancho upon his mettle, now that he was in danger of being beaten, stretched to the contest with no further urging. Slowly, slowly Eric came up level with the other, only a few yards away now,

[Continued on page 533]

When Elizabeth is not playing outdoors she is very apt to be house-keeping in this big doll's house, chief among her treasures



ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

a member of
WASHINGTON'S "youngest set"

*Growing up well and strong with
this little care all mothers can give*

A stately line of ancestors is behind this little girl. Congressmen, senators, diplomats—lawyers, railroad magnates, bankers. Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish's father—Hamilton Fish, Jr.—is member of the House from New York state—her mother, one of Washington's most gracious hostesses.

Elizabeth, at seven, is tall and fair. Her blue eyes sparkle with interest in everything about her. Her red cheeks show abounding good health.

Mrs. Fish has always been very particular about a definite schedule for her children. They have lots of outdoor exercise and their time for homework, naps, and indoor play is carefully systematized.

With the same thorough and personal supervision that she gives everything affecting the children's health and welfare, Mrs. Fish takes pains that their diet shall be laid out by leading child specialists. Believing in the need of hot, cooked cereal for every boy and girl, Mrs. Fish relied upon the doctors to choose the particular hot cereal Elizabeth and her sister and brothers should have.

The famous specialists whom the Fishes frequently consult advised Mrs. Fish to use

the children's own hot, cooked cereal—Cream of Wheat.

'Elizabeth began eating Cream of Wheat when she was only six months old,' says Mrs. Fish, 'and she has had it at least once a day ever since. I'm sure it plays a valuable part in keeping her so well and happy.'

A point where the most famous child specialists agree

All over the country other doctors are telling mothers this same thing—that Cream of Wheat is ideal for growing boys and girls. In a recent investigation 221 members of leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were asked their opinion about what cereal children

Elizabeth has always eaten Cream of Wheat for breakfast. Mrs. Fish feels such a breakfast safeguards her children



Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. of Ashmead Place, Washington

should eat. This distinguished body of men, many of them leaders in Pediatrics in this country, went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

Mothers all over the country are making this decision for themselves—whether or not they have access to famous doctors. It's almost tradition to give children Cream of Wheat—because it is so abundantly rich in the energy giving substances growing youngsters need. And because, with its simple, granular form it is amazingly easy and quick to digest.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fasset & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their hot, cooked cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION
DEPT. R-25, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

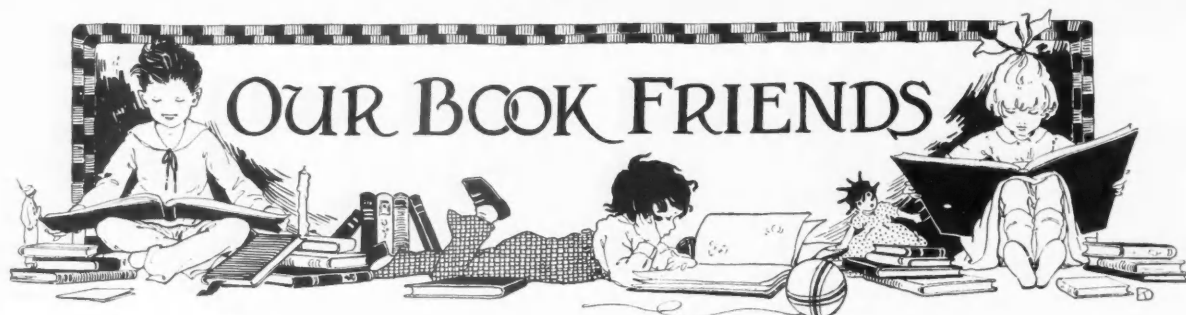
Street.....

City.....State.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

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By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library,
Present Librarian, Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, Calif.

MIDNIGHT, a castle without lamp or taper, a stranger alone on the winding stone stair. Everything as still as in a sepulchre! The clock strikes twelve. There is the sound of a door grating in the distance. Now it shuts with a stifled bang. Nearer, nearer comes the sound. Things are beyond jesting.

Thus we meet "The Goblin of Rummelsburg"—a capital story for Halloween. You will find it in *Mystery Stories for Boys and Girls*—where specters abound, where haunted houses are not unknown, where strange figures are drawn on parchment.

Another excellent short story is "The Witch of Amboto" which you may read in a very new book, *Old Tales from Spain*, by Felipe Alfau. Two stories from *More Story Hour Favorites*, compiled by Wilhelmina Harper, might well be used on Halloween. One is called "Chimney Imps" and is taken from William Bowen's "Merrimeg." The other is from Jean Thompson's book of Indian tales and is called "The Ghost of Muskrat Village."

The Trumpeter of Krakow, pronounced the best children's book of the year, abounds in mystery. There is, in the story, an unscrupulous outcast, known as Peter of the Button Face; there is a strange alchemist; there is a treasure for which magicians had searched for hundreds of years. How that treasure came into the possession of Joseph Charnetski's father, how it was carried about in a huge yellow pumpkin, and what finally became of the gem—these and other events will thrill you as you read *The Trumpeter of Krakow*.

The fascinating question, which made *Downright Dencey* so entertaining, is present again in the second book about Quaker Dencey and his family. In addition to the mystery which surrounds Jetsam, there are strange sights and experiences on the road that leads into the wilderness. *The Beckoning Road* becomes still more charming when we know that much of the material for the book was taken from the author's own family records.

After reading of mutiny on the Pacific, in such a tale as we have in Howard Pease's *Shanghai Passage*, after solving *The Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte* and laughing over the amusing incidents in *The Treasure of Carcassonne*, it is refreshing to come upon quite a different plot. *Juniper Green* appeals strongly

because it is a story of folks who might be our next-door neighbors, so genuine and real are they. Any boy who likes out-of-doors and the friendship of a man, whose strange adventures and magnetism make him a general favorite, will read *Juniper Green*. Any girl who is in search of a mystery story will be grateful for a new one which is so pleasing.

MISCHIEF AND MYSTERY

- The Beckoning Road** - - - - - Caroline D. Snedeker
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC., NEW YORK
- Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife** - - - - - Margaret Baker
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Book of Elves and Fairies** - - - - - Edited by Frances J. Olcott
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Book of Halloween** - - - - - Ruth E. Kelley
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
- Book of Holidays** - - - - - J. Walker McSpadden
THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Crossings** - - - - - Walter de la Mare
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK
- Down-A-Down-Derry** - - - - - Walter de la Mare
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Eliza and the Elves** - - - - - Rachel Field
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Fairy Shoemaker and Other Fairy Poems** - - - - -
Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Good Stories for Great Holidays** - - - - - Edited by Frances J. Olcott
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
- Juniper Green** - - - - - Mary W. Keyes
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Magic Trail** - - - - - Grace Moon
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC., NEW YORK
- Moonshine and Clover** - - - - - Laurence Housman
HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK
- More English Fairy Tales** - - - - - Edited by Joseph Jacobs
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
- More Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls** - - - - -
Edited by Elva S. Smith
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
- More Story Hour Favorites** - - - - - Compiled by Wilhelmina Harper
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte** - - - - - Eugenie Foa
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls** - - - - - Edited by Elva S. Smith
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
- Old Tales from Spain** - - - - - Felipe Alfau
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC., NEW YORK
- Princess and the Goblin** - - - - - George MacDonald
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC., NEW YORK
- Red Fairy Book** - - - - - Edited by Andrew Lang
DAVID MCKAY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
- Rimskittie's Book** - - - - - Leroy F. Jackson
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Shanghai Passage** - - - - - Howard Pease
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- The Snow Queen** - - - - - Hans Christian Andersen
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Treasure of Carcassonne** - - - - - A. Robida
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Trumpeter of Krakow** - - - - - Eric P. Kelly
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Whins on Knockattan** - - - - - Anne Casserly
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

EVERY MODERN MOTHER KNOWS!

CHILDREN in the year. They get it in Minneapolis generations, because they have been in step with current juvenile fashions, besides offering the utmost in quality, value, comfort, washability and wearability.



GARMENTS

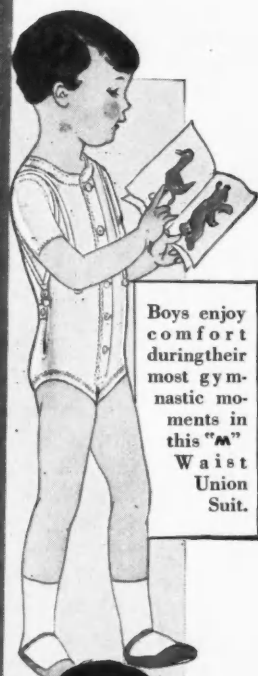
Modern underwear and sleeping garments for every age of childhood

To wear under today's short-skirted frocks and brief trousered suits are French type union suits and combinations, simple in line and brief in length. For colder weather are knee length and ankle length union suits in all wanted fabrics. Minneapolis "M" bedtime garments are style-right too, . . . smart flannelette pajamas in cheerful flower designs and "M" Bi-Knit Sleepers made of wonderful combination fabric (soft cotton inside, part wool outside).

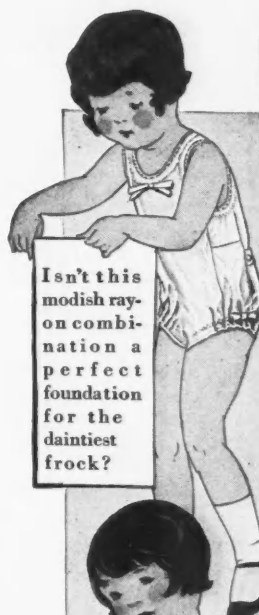
Look for the Minneapolis "M" trademark when you shop for your children. It assures quality, style and comfort. If your store does not have the "M" Garments you want, write for information.

Minneapolis Knitting Works Minneapolis, Minn.

Sketched are seven of the complete line offered in modern Minneapolis "M" Garments for children.



Boys enjoy comfort during their most gymnastic moments in this "M" Waist Union Suit.



Isn't this modish rayon combination a perfect foundation for the daintiest frock?



Perfect-fitting, comfortable, correct in style is this "M" Waist Union Suit with French type panties.



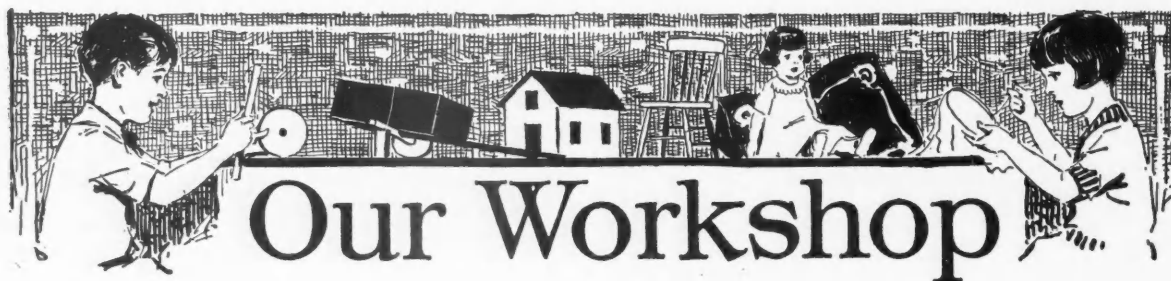
She's thinking how gay and pretty are her Minneapolis "M" flowered Flannelette pajamas.

Baby's long sleeved "M" Fold-over shirt is snug, smooth and soft.



The entertaining big brother wears the popular "M" Bi-Knit Sleeping Garment.

Warmth and comfort are combined in this Waist Union Suit, made from all cotton and part wool fabrics.



PERHAPS it is just as well that the common kind of alarm clocks wear out and must be discarded for new ones, because they provide a plentiful supply for homemade toys. Have you never built clockwork toys? If not, it is time to do so. You will find them lots of fun. Begin with the two Halloween toys shown on this page.

A lighted pumpkin jack-o'-lantern in a dark room is spooky enough, but "bring him to life" with moving eyes and wagging tongue, and you will have something that might have come out of a storybook.

The clockwork for some toys must be taken apart, but the Halloween toys do not require this, if the clock that you use has its alarm hammer on top, like the clock shown in Figure 7. Just unscrew the round gong, so as to uncover the hammer. This is the common type of alarm clock. If there isn't a discarded clock at home, or if you cannot get one from a friend, probably Mother or Father will not object to your borrowing one of their clocks, for Halloween. As you will use only the alarm, you will not injure the time mechanism.

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Making Things with Tools," "Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys," "Home-Made Games and Game Equipment," etc.

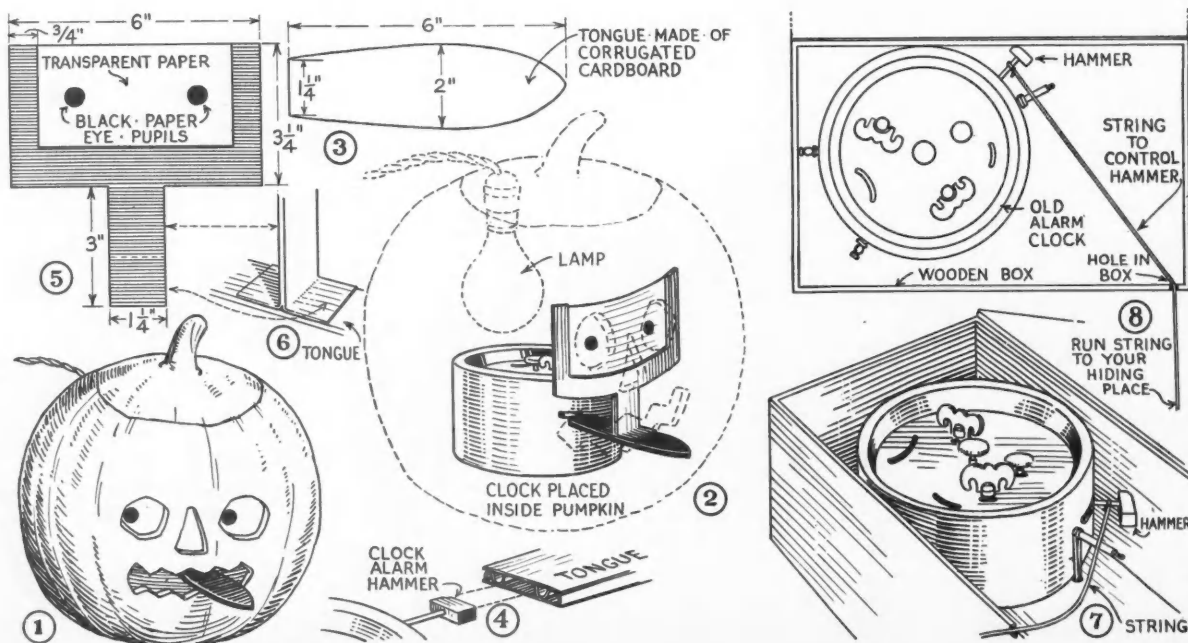
HALLOWEEN FUN WITH AN OLD ALARM CLOCK

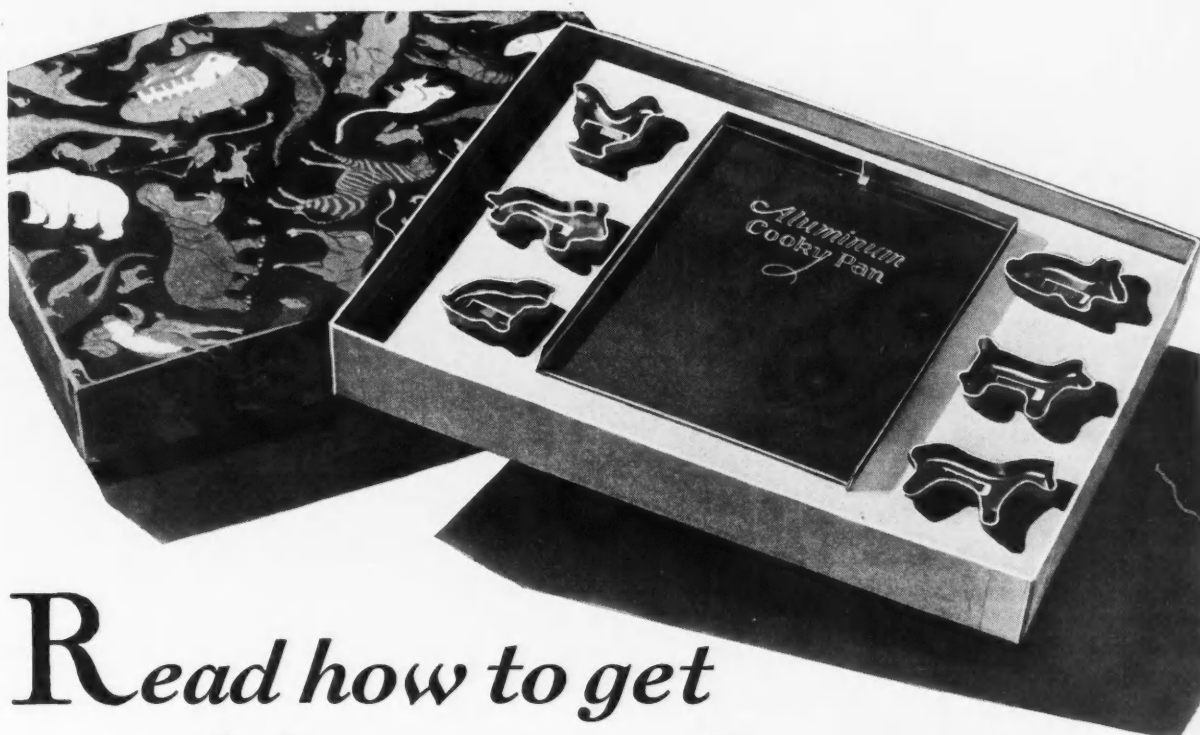
Figure 2 shows the clock case, and the rig for moving the tongue and eyes, placed inside of a pumpkin. The pumpkin and the electric lamp that illumi-

nates the inside are shown by dotted lines.

First, cut a tongue of the shape and size shown in Figure 3 out of cardboard. Corrugated cardboard is best because it is thick, light in weight, and can be slipped over the end of the clock hammer, as indicated in Figure 4. When you have cut the tongue, paint it red, and slip the clock hammer into the end of it. Next, make the frame for the pupils of the eyes. A pattern for this is shown in Figure 5. You can cut it also out of corrugated cardboard. Split the lower end of the center upright for a distance of one inch, and bend up the split halves to form feet to support the frame upon the tongue (Figure 5). But before you glue the feet to the tongue, cut a piece of transparent paper to fit over the opening in the upper part of the frame, glue it to the frame, and then cut two pupils out of black paper, and paste them to the transparent paper, as shown.

[Continued on page 536]





Read how to get this new cooky set . . .

Your youngsters will go wild over it

THEY'LL be tickled to pieces—those youngsters of yours—with this doll-size cooky set!

And won't they just love the cookies it makes!

Not "pretend" cookies but "really truly" ones . . . plump kittens, frisky puppies, important looking lions, perky chickens, friendly ponies, and Brer Rabbits—of course—quite the most contented looking bunnies that a cooky cutter ever cut!

Each one of these amusing little animals can be made into delicious crispy cookies with the six wee aluminum cooky cutters Brer Rabbit will send you . . . all packed in a gay colored box together with a doll-size aluminum cooky pan.

Just like a grown-up cooky set . . . only much more exciting!

*Yours—for 3
Brer Rabbit Labels*

Of course your youngsters will want one! Just send in 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses . . . a set will be mailed to you promptly! Start saving labels right now. In no time at all you'll have the three you need. And don't forget to ask for your *free* copy of the Brer Rabbit recipe book.

Real old-time New Orleans Molasses with the tantalizing old plantation flavor everybody loves—that's Brer Rabbit. Gold Label Brer Rabbit is the finest quality light molasses. Green Label a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.



Cinnamon Snaps

Cream 1 cup sugar and 1 cup shortening. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, then 2 teaspoons soda dissolved in 2 tablespoons warm water. Add 2 cups flour sifted with 1 tablespoon each of cinnamon and ginger, and ½ teaspoon salt. Add enough flour for a stiff dough. Roll out very thin on a slightly floured board. Cut in animal shapes and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until crisp. Watch oven carefully to prevent burning.

Save the Labels

Get Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set for your youngsters! 3 Labels from 3 Cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses bring it to you. Get your *free* copy of "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies", too! It's a recipe book you'll surely want!



PENICK & FORD, LTD., Inc.
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(Check what you want—either or both)

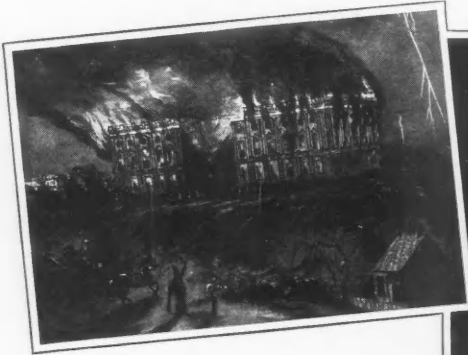
- ☐ Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set. I enclose 3 Brer Rabbit Molasses Labels
☐ Free copy of recipe book, "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"

Name.....

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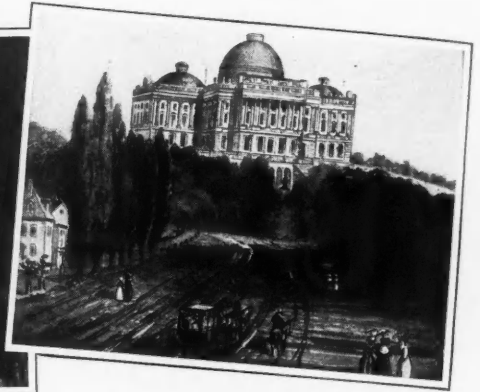
The Story of Your Nation's Capital



The old Capitol was partially destroyed when the British set fire to it in 1814



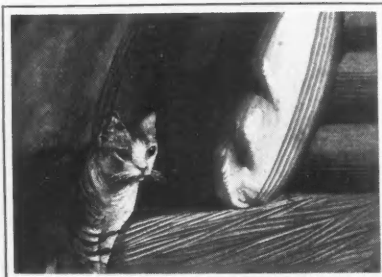
The dome of the beautiful Capitol, illuminated at night



Pennsylvania Avenue below the Capitol was once wild and swampy



Taking a spin down Pennsylvania Avenue about 1827



"Old Tom," who served his country for seventeen years by catching mice in the Post Office Department

WASHINGTON is a wonderful city. The President of the United States lives there in the beautiful White House, and Congress meets in the capitol to make laws for the country.

All the presidents have lived in Washington, and Congress has met there, for over a hundred years. But the city has not always been the wonderful place it is now. There was a time when its streets were deep mud. And the Capitol building was burned down during the War of 1812.

Washington is not all pomp and ceremony. Mrs. Adams, when her husband was president, hung her washing in the White House parlors.

Washington, D. C., the Nation's Capital, is a delightfully interesting book about this marvelous city, about how it was built, the people who built it, and those who have lived there. It tells about the funny things that have happened there, and about the serious things. About the parades up Pennsylvania Avenue, and about the mint where the money is made, and the Post Office, where stamps are printed. And about Old Tom, the Post Office cat.

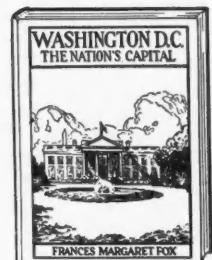
There are pictures on every page of this Washington book, pictures of the city and its people as they are now and as they looked years ago.

Washington, D. C. tells about the capital city of *your* country, and a lot of stories about the people who have lived there. You'll want to read it again and again.

You can buy this fine book at any bookstore for \$2.00. Ask Daddy or Mother to get it for you, because they will want to read it too, most likely. Or add seven cents to your order and send it to Rand McNally & Company, 536 South Clark Street, Chicago, and the book will be mailed to you promptly.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*The Nation's Capital* is written by Frances Margaret Fox for young people of any age. It is not simply history and description; it is an entertaining narrative enlivened by anecdotes and incidents that throw light on the development and traditions of our chief city. No young person after reading it can fail to appreciate more keenly and understand more fully this tangible expression of the heart of our country.

It is illustrated with pictures in color and in black and white, also with reproductions of photographs and facsimiles.



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

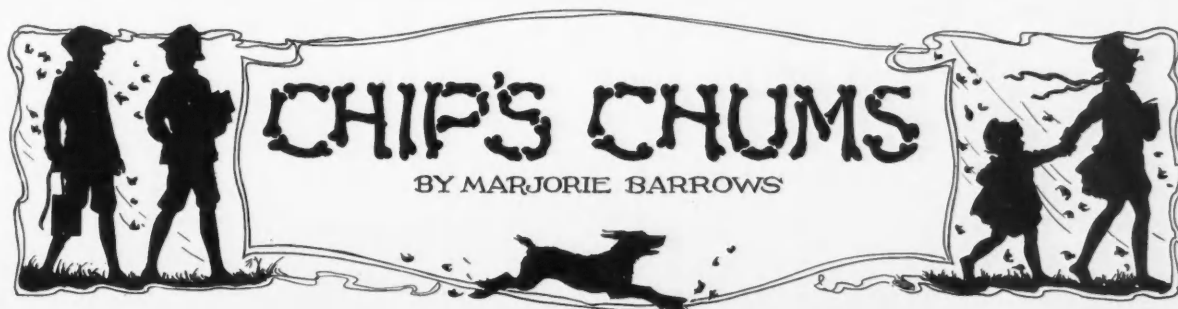
Publishers

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO





1 On Halloween the chums were playing witch-tag. And Betsy Ann, a 1929 model witch, was hiding with Chip behind a haystack.



2 No one came by to be be-witched, though, except a frisky kitten who took one look at Chip and found he had no time to stay.



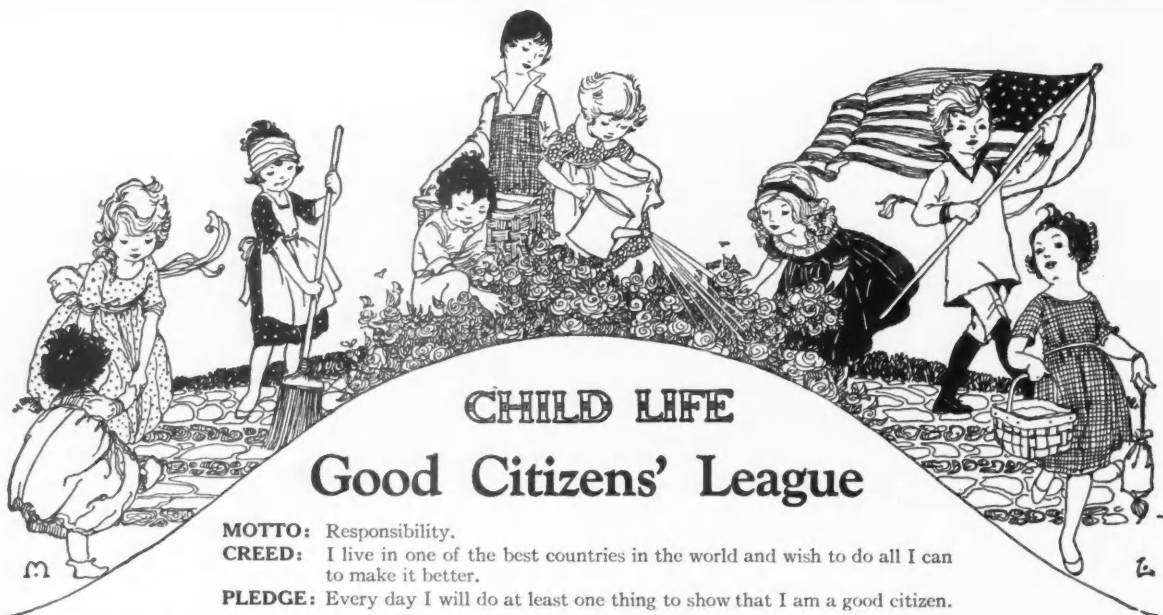
3 Chip treed him and they were leading a regular cat-and-dog life when Betsy Ann climbed up to prevent a cat-astrophe.



4 A slip, a r-r-r-rip, and Betsy Ann hung by her skirts from the tree top. And there hung a witch with a black cat on Halloween until she was rescued.



5 Her rescuer turned out to be Mrs. Brown, their new neighbor and the kitten's mistress. She took all the chums home with her for a Halloween spread. Oh, boy! And they all toasted the kitten—except Chip who was arguing with a jack-o'-lantern!



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

DISCOVERIES

IT WAS the Columbus Day program on October 12 that started the Brocton Good Citizens' League to thinking about discoveries. They had prepared the program just to give in one of their own meetings, memorizing poems about the great Italian who had become the first American, and telling stories of his early life and his great voyage. Then at the request of the principal of their school they repeated it in the assembly, and all the pupils shared in the good times.

"It's strange, isn't it," said David at the next meeting, "that it took the world so long to learn that there was another continent, when the other continent was here all the time, just waiting to be discovered?"

"The North Pole and the South Pole were just waiting to be discovered too," said Elizabeth, "a long time before Peary and Amundsen ever reached them."

"That's the way it is with most things," said Miss Bradley, the counselor. "Progress is a series of discoveries. The law of gravitation governed the movements of the earth long before Isaac Newton expounded his theory; there was steam long before James Watt discovered a means by which he could make it a motive power for his steam engine. Take such an im-

OCTOBER ACTIVITIES

1. I read a story about Columbus.
2. I memorized a poem about Columbus.
3. I helped with a Columbus Day program.
4. I read about Robert Peary, who discovered the North Pole.
5. I read about Roald Amundsen, who discovered the South Pole.
6. I read about Captain Robert Scott, the English explorer, who visited the South Pole a few weeks after Amundsen.
7. I read about the trip which Commander Byrd is taking now.
8. I read about Leif Ericson, Norse voyager, who is said to have reached the North American continent five centuries before Columbus.
9. I read about Marco Polo, the Italian traveler.
10. I read about John Cabot, Italian navigator in English service, who was the first to land on the North American coast.
11. I read about Amerigo Vespucci, Italian navigator, for whom our continent was named.
12. I read about Balboa, Spanish conqueror, who first sighted the Pacific Ocean.
13. I read about Ponce de Leon, the Spanish explorer, who discovered and named Florida.
14. I read about Magellan, Portuguese navigator, who named the Pacific.
15. I read about De Soto, Spanish explorer, who discovered the Mississippi River.
16. I read about Henry Hudson, who discovered the Hudson River.
17. I read about Marquette and Joliet, who explored the Mississippi River.
18. I read a list of five great inventors, who, in a sense, are great discoverers too.
19. I read about Wilbur and Orville Wright.
20. I read about Thomas A. Edison.
21. I started the week, by making a list of the new facts (or discoveries) I learned on Monday.
22. I made a list of several new facts I learned on Tuesday.
23. I made a list of several new facts I learned on Wednesday.
24. I made a list of several new facts I learned on Thursday.
25. I made a list of several new facts I learned on Friday.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. Although it is desirable to do as many of the good citizenship deeds suggested above as possible, it is not necessary, and any good deed that you record will count. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed (or deeds) for that day. Send your October lists in time to reach us by November 5, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll. If a grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, she may send us a list of the members, with the number of Honor Points each one deserves.

portant invention as the airplane, for instance. The materials from which the machine is made and the air itself have been in existence since the beginning of the world; yet it took Orville and Wilbur Wright to find the proper way to build an airplane that would fly. They profited, of course, by the mistakes of others who had tried and failed. With the knowledge that had come to them out of the past and with the knowledge which their own research brought them, they finally discovered a means of inventing a successful machine out of materials which had always existed."

"It sounds simple," said Bill. "Maybe we'll be able to discover something for ourselves one of these days."

"You're discovering things for yourself *every day*," said Miss Bradley. "You have the wisdom of the world to draw upon; but you must discover each bit of wisdom for yourself. In this way you equip yourself with knowledge; and every bit of knowledge that you add to your store, in turn equips you for making new and greater discoveries. You have teachers at school who point out the way, but only you can make the discovery. It is the same with beauty. You may be able to find beauty in a landscape or in a

[Continued on page 522]

CAUTIOUS CREATURES

ON PAGE 502 you will find a story and picture of "Jack rabbit," third of six stories and pictures about animals to be published in the Cautious Creatures Contest, which David Newell, the well-known artist naturalist, is conducting for the readers of CHILD LIFE. In the August issue you read about "Gray Squirrel," in the September number about "Deer." Choose three of the animals in the contest and write a story about them. This story must not be over five hundred words in length and should tell how each of the three animals escapes its enemies, where it lives, and what it eats.

There will be eight prizes for the best stories. The first prize will be a pet puppy and an autographed copy of David Newell's interesting new book, "American Animals." The second prize will be autographed copies of "Cougars and Cowboys" and "American Animals," both by Mr. Newell; the next six prizes will be copies of the animal book.

When the contest is concluded (the last story and picture of the contest will appear in the January issue), send your stories to David Newell, care CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before January 12, 1930. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.



ME

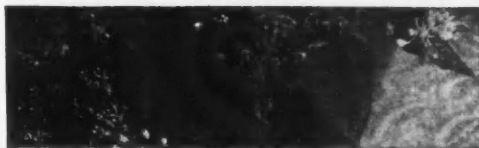
POLLY CHASE

IT is very nice to be
Just me.
Glad little me!
Bad little me!
Polite little me!
How delightful to be
Just me!

Are you glad that you
Grew
Into you?

SUN-BROWNED

The healthiest
natural color
in the world



The same *natural* rays of the sun that brown your skin—that pour health into your body—also give Wheatena its color and its wholesomeness.

Wheatena is the cereal made from the entire wheat kernel—ripened in sun-drenched fields . . . then roasted and toasted to give it a delicious nut-like flavor.

A great *natural* food . . . rich in the minerals and vitamins . . . packed full of the precious food elements needed for sound, vigorous growth of mind and body.

Wheatena is *quick-cooking*—ready in 2 or more minutes (for babies, longer)—and costs you less than 1 cent a dish to serve.

Wheatena

*The delicious
sun-browned
wheat cereal*



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"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers,—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 10c brings you a copy. Please use coupon on right.

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Wonderful Children!



IF THERE are children you know who surprise you by their agility, energy, quick curiosity, keen answers—if they prophesy brilliant futures for themselves in many a daily act, they are, first of all, well fed.

Watch them eat, and you know they are well fed!

Milk at every meal—often between meals . . . milk desserts at end of dinner and end of supper, such as gelatin blanc-mange, cream tapioca, chocolate soufflé.

Fruits and cereals at every breakfast, helped out with a little sugar and more milk or cream. (Sugar cuts the fruit acids and improves the cereal flavor.)

Fresh raw vegetables and cooked vegetables on their dinner plates and salad plates, the vegetables cooked with just enough sugar to take away blandness.

Children like flavor. Sugar can be used judiciously to help them like the other foods they need to eat. And the need is urgent! If a million New York children are representative of children everywhere, a recent examination would show that four children among five need

food. For every healthy, happy child—four who are not healthy, who are on the border line of ill health due to under-nutrition.

If children are not eating cereals and fruits as they should—try a little sugar with these foods. If not taking milk as they should—try more milk desserts. If not eating spinach, carrots, peas, beets, string beans, tomatoes, as they should—try cooking these with a little sugar.

A level teaspoon of sugar may be sufficient for improving the flavor of the average pot of vegetables for a family of four. This amount won't make them "sweet"—it simply heightens the vegetable flavor. Don't take our word for it—try it yourself. Here is one recipe for proof:

Spinach—Prepare a quarter peck. Steam with a level teaspoon of sugar till tender, about ten minutes.

Good food promotes good health. The Sugar Institute, 129 Front Street, New York City.

THE MAGIC PUMPKIN

By MAUDE DAY BALTZELL

JUST as the holly belongs to Christmas, so does the *pumpkin* belong to Halloween; and just as we think of noise on July Fourth, so do we think of magic and whispers at Halloween.

The Magic Pumpkin is an indoor game to be played after dark. Cut the top off a large pumpkin and hollow out the body of the pumpkin with a large iron spoon. Place this pumpkin shell on a chair at the center of one end of the room. Have the two youngest players choose sides which are to form in lines parallel to the direction that the chair faces, each line about three feet from the chair. Six feet away from the chair, and directly in front of it, place a mat or a folded newspaper. This mat is called the *magic carpet*.

Beginning with the player at the left end of youngest player's line, each person in this line steps, in turn, to the *magic carpet* and is given a soft ball which he is to throw into the *magic pumpkin* three times. If the thrower is successful in getting the ball into the pumpkin every time he throws, he is given a bonus of ten points as well as five points for each successful throw, making twenty-five points in all. A thrower who misses would have five points taken away from his score for each failure.

Each one keeps track of his points and when every one has had a chance to try his skill, the two lines compare their total number of points and the line having the greatest number of points is the winner. The two players on this line with the greatest number of points to their credit have the privilege of choosing sides for the next game. The *magic carpet* may be moved farther than six feet from the *magic pumpkin* if the players are boys or girls who have played enough baseball to be skilful at aiming the ball.



ONE of the delightful features of visiting a new country is the fun of eating new dishes in place of the foods we are used to at home. But we are not likely to be traveling this time of year—where, indeed, would be the good marks we intend to get in school if we went a-touring in October? So, instead of touring abroad, we are going to pretend that we are Italian cooks and we shall cook one of Italy's most popular dishes in our own kitchens.

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON
 Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.



Italy's most popular dishes in our own kitchens.

To be sure we can't, for all our pretending, take ourselves off to a really truly Italian kitchen with its curtained doorway to keep out the hot sun and its view from a narrow window out over the lovely Italian hills. Nor would we want to leave our gas or electric ranges or iceless refrigerators and the many conveniences that are more common here than in Europe. Perhaps it is fortunate we are only pretending, for then we can pick out the most interesting things both at home and abroad and have both at the same time; that is the most fun of all.

Italians have several food customs that differ somewhat from ours. They eat a great deal of fruit and they use salads more than we do, though we are learning. They are wonderful salad makers. Give an Italian cook some green leaves and a bit of oil and you will soon have a tasty salad. Their vegetables for salad are clean, crisp and dry and then are tossed about in the dressing till every leaf is tasty—quite different from some of our salads where the dressing is just carelessly dribbled over the top. Then their salad dressings are made from olive oil and that same oil is used as the fat for cooking, giving a flavor that no fat can quite equal, not even our best butter. Another national dish of Italy is macaroni which is prepared in many delicious ways. You see, it is interesting to think



well acquainted, even though we are miles apart.

We have decided that of all the Italian dishes we might cook, spaghetti with a real Italian sauce will be the best for us to study first, so we have chosen it for this month. Spaghetti and macaroni are closely alike, as we shall see.

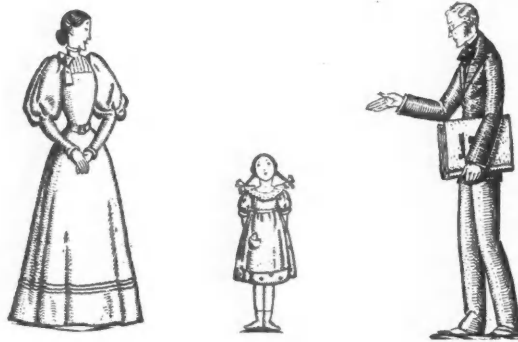
Both spaghetti and macaroni are made from wheaten flour, moistened with water to make a stiff dough and pushed through small holes in an iron plate and then dried. The two products are the same, except for the shape—macaroni is as large as a lead pencil and has a center hole; spaghetti is smaller and solid. Macaroni is always broken into small pieces for cooking, while spaghetti is often left in long strips. Personally, we prefer to break the spaghetti, too, for when broken it is easier to cook and to serve. These foods are very wholesome but, as they do not contain any fat, they are always combined with something else—cheese or a sauce or meat. Italians do this exceedingly well and in a great variety of ways.

For the dish we plan to make to-day we shall need a package of spaghetti (or macaroni, if you prefer), grated cheese, a can of tomato juice or some fresh or cooked tomatoes, some cooked ham (or other cooked meat if you cannot have the ham), an onion, some parsley, a sweet pepper, butter and salt. The cheese may be purchased grated, if you like, or you may grate it yourself.

If your family likes various cheeses and you have different sorts from which to choose, select Parmesan cheese for this dish. Otherwise use any good domestic cheese (that means any cheese made in this country), making sure that it is old enough and dry enough for grating.

Get out a large saucepan, a colander or wire sieve, a smaller saucepan for making the sauce, a grater, a meat grinder (or a chopping bowl and knife), measuring cup, measuring spoons, a knife and a baking dish. (A glass one, if you have it would be fine).

[Continued on page 530]



New Books For Good Children

Mr. Hermit Crab

By Mimsy Rhys. Illustrated by Helen Sewell

Pictures from this amusing tale of English life decorate this page. - - - \$2.25

The Magic Switch

By Fjeril Hess. Illustrated by Nera K. Brown.

A fairy tale that small girls will love. - - - \$2.00

Kasperle's Adventures

By Josephine Siebe. Illustrated by Frank Dobias.

The antics of a naughty wooden boy whom German children have long loved. \$2.50



The Adventures of Andris

By Elizabeth Jacobi. Illustrated.

The everyday life of a small boy and his sister on an Hungarian farm.

\$2.50

Tontou In Bondage

By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Illustrated by Thomas Handforth.

A tale of Morocco and of a dog who is kidnapped by a traveling showman. - \$2.25

The Forest Story

Pictures by Rudolph Mates.

A book of poems, pictures and stories of animals that has been printed in Prague.

\$3.50

Tigers and Things

By Andy Kaufmann and his little sister.

Funny verses and pictures all about animals. - - \$2.00

Spin Top Spin

By Elsa Eisgruber.

Charming colored pictures and nursery rhymes from Germany. - - - \$3.00



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THE PURRING PUMPKIN

[Continued from page 496]

walked out to the garden to look at the pumpkin that was soon to become a jack-o'-lantern.

She heard a funny noise—little bits of squeals and deep, soft purrs. It was her big yellow pumpkin that was squealing!

Betty couldn't believe it. She bent down and looked at the pumpkin. And—

Daddy had scooped out the insides of the pumpkin, and there was Daffy purring to three little yellow kittens! No wonder it sounded as if the pumpkin had come to life!

"Wasn't Daffy smart to use the pumpkin for a baby cradle?" said Betty.

Maybe that was what Betty's jack-o'-lantern was grinning about on Halloween.



OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 512]

When you have glued the feet of the frame to the tongue, slip the end of the tongue over the clock alarm hammer, and set off the alarm to test out the moving eyes and tongue device. The weight of the cardboard tongue and frame will be sufficient to slow down the movement of the alarm hammer to the right speed. Without the weight, the hammer would vibrate too fast. An advantage in slowing down the hammer is that it will run longer between windings.

Of course you know how to carve a pumpkin jack-o'-lantern. If you can do the selecting of the pumpkin, pick out a large one with a broad, flat side. In carving this lantern, you must be guided by the moving eyes and tongue device, in spacing the eye and mouth openings. First, cut a large enough opening in the top of the pumpkin to admit the alarm clock. Then scoop out the inside, making a flat place for the clock case to rest on. Place the clock inside of the pumpkin, and locate the right height for the mouth on the flat side of the pumpkin. The

reason for cutting it upon the flat side is so that the eye frame can be placed close to the eye openings. Cut the mouth opening straight across, not crescent shaped, with the top and bottom edges notched for teeth. When you have cut the mouth, slip the cardboard tongue through the opening. Then mark the right place for the eyes, and cut them. And center the nose between the openings. It will not matter if you get the eyes and mouth too high, because you can block up the clock case as much as is necessary. But be careful not to cut them too low. You can curve the eye frame, as shown in Figure 2, to make it fit closer to the side of the pumpkin.

When the moving-eyes-and-tongue machine has been adjusted, slip the hammer out of the cardboard tongue, coat it with glue, and stick it back in place.

The mystic drum shown in Figures 7 and 8 can be made quickly. It requires an alarm clock, a deep cigar box and string. Place the clock in the box, with the alarm hammer close to but not touching the side, so that it will strike against the box when it vibrates. Mark points on the box bottom directly below the gong stem and feet, punch holes at these points, and bind the case to the box with string slipped through the holes, passed over the stem and feet, and tied.

Tie string to the alarm hammer, notch the edge of the box, run the string through the notch, and close the box cover. All will then be in readiness for a trial. Set off the clock alarm by means of the alarm knob, but hold the hammer in check by means of the string. Place the box under the living-room table, in the fireplace, in a clothes closet, or any other place of concealment, within earshot of the family, and run the string over to a corner where you can conceal yourself. From this point, operate the drum by alternately releasing the string and pulling it taut. This makes an unearthly noise, just the kind one expects to hear on Halloween. But no one will guess how it is produced or where it comes from. Be sure and take the mystic drum with you, if you go to a Halloween party.

Your Children, Too Need The Book of Knowledge



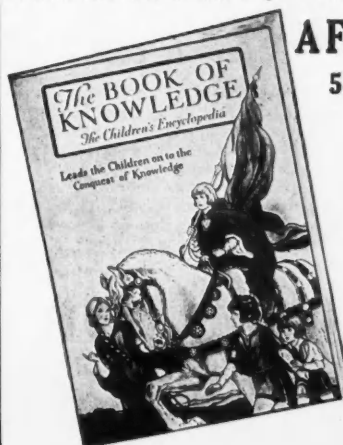
WHAT is curiosity teaching your boy or girl? In the homes of more than 2,500,000 children to-day The Book of Knowledge is their most treasured possession, their friendly companion, their constant help. Day by day, it is turning their eager curiosity into important knowledge. They understand many of the great topics of the moment. In the classroom they are ready to give quick and intelligent answers. The Book of Knowledge captivates the child's mind and makes learning a joy.

The Idea of a Father Who Loved His Child

This wonderful educational plan is the idea of a father who loved his child and was determined to give him the best possible start in the race for knowledge. It was planned, written, arranged and illustrated by those who understand the needs of growing minds. As the chief of a state-wide educational survey reports: "A goodly proportion of the *gifted* children I have been studying seem to have been brought up on it." It has won highest awards for educational value. It is included in the Approved Booklist of the American Library Association and is known the world over as the only informational work the children read in preference to stories.

Why 2,500,000 Children Have It Already

The department of Wonder answers the children's questions; Familiar Things takes them on fascinating visits to the great workshops of the world; The Earth tells the story of land, air, sea and sky; in Animal Life and Plant Life they read about the birds, fishes, insects, animals, flowers, and trees. Our Own Life tells of our bodies and our minds, and explains the principles of citizenship and economics so simply that even these difficult subjects are easily grasped by the children. In All Countries they come to know foreign lands and their peoples; United States tells of our own country, its history, government, industries and ideals. Literature and The Fine Arts, Stories, Famous Books, Men and Women and Golden Deeds spread before



them the cultural treasures of the world. The department of Things to Make and Do contains games to stimulate their active minds, and handicrafts to keep their restless fingers busy. Helps to Learning and the School Subject Guide make the way easier in school. The new Index makes The Book of Knowledge a wonderfully efficient reference work which the whole family enjoys.

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This is a book of striking educational pictures that live in the memory—15,000 illustrations, 2,200 of them in fine color, 1,200 in gravure. Clearly and vividly they explain the great facts of knowledge. Here is visual education in its simplest, most attractive form. The Free Booklet of 54 full-size illustrated pages taken from The Book of Knowledge will delight your boy or girl and will show you just how this great work with its charming style and wealth of pictures captures the children's attention and holds their interest. Mail the coupon below and the Free Book will be sent to you at once.

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You may send me free for my children the new illustrated booklet of 54 full-size pages, including color plate, gravure pages, a complete story, The Earth and Its Neighbors, Why Do I Dream? Little Ships of Knowledge.

Long Ago, etc., taken from The Book of Knowledge.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

CHILD LIFE 10-29



Mr. So and So and General Sherman agree about War . . .

but it did prove one thing . . .

DAVID and his sister, Lorraine, had stopped on their way home from school to talk to Mr. So-and-So, the Shoe Store Man, who is a great friend of theirs.

"War," said Mr. So-and-So, "is not at all nice. In fact, it is very un-nice."

And that agrees almost exactly with what General Sherman said about war. Except that he didn't say it nearly so politely.

"But," continued Mr. So-and-So, "the Great War did do one good thing—it proved how to have feet and shoes and comfort and health, all at the same time."

"How was that?" asked Lorraine.

"That," answered Mr. So-and-So, "was this way:

"Before your father and everybody else's father was allowed to join the army, they all had to be examined to make absolutely sure that they had two feet and that both of them were good ones so they could march long distances, and so they could run fast when the order came to 'Charge.' And they examined 3,000,000 men, and when they came to a man who didn't have good, strong, perfect feet they wouldn't let him be a regular fighting soldier, but only a cook or a military policeman. And if his feet were *quite flat* they would only let him be a mule tender or a yeoman in an office—but if his feet were extremely flat they wouldn't let him be a soldier at all."

"Why didn't they all have good feet?" asked David.

"I was just going to tell you," replied Mr. So-and-So. "The ones who had always worn correctly shaped, well-made shoes *did* have good feet. It was the ones who had worn badly shaped shoes, stiff shoes or tight shoes, who had the sick feet. In fact, no shoes at all would be better than shoes that hurt or pinch the feet."

"Then," said the children, "we all ought to go bare-foot!"



This X-Ray picture shows how Educator Shoes permit the feet to grow normally.

"Oh, no!" said Mr. So-and-So, the Shoe Store Man, "then you would be running the risk of rusty nail poisoning and splinters and cut feet and poison ivy. What you ought to do is to wear correctly shaped shoes like these EDUCATOR SHOES."

Mr. So-and-So showed them a picture like the one you see at the left, below.

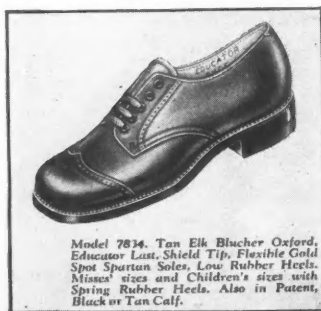
"If you'll ask your mothers to buy you EDUCATOR Shoes, *always*, you'll have strong, healthy feet, because EDUCATOR Shoes are made by men who have spent their whole lives studying what kind of shoes your feet need to make them grow strong and straight and healthy."

"Another thing you'll like about EDUCATORS is that they are so good looking (look at this picture) and your mothers will like EDUCATORS, too, because they are so well made, and wear so long that they are much less expensive in the end than cheaper shoes."

Write for a copy of the interesting little book, "*Laying the Ghost*"—you'll enjoy it. Educator Shoe Corporation of America, Dept. CL-10, 225 West 34th Street, New York City.

EDUCATOR SHOES

for men, women, boys and girls



Model 7814. Tan Elk Blucher Oxford. Educator Last, Shield Tip, Flexible Gold Spot Spartan Soles, Low Rubber Heels. Misses' sizes and Children's sizes with Spring Rubber Heels. Also in Patent, Black or Tan Calf.

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 516)

painting which another may not be able to see at all. Each person must discover beauty for himself."

The members of the Brocton League liked the idea of being discoverers. The era of geographical exploration may have come to an end with the discovery of the Poles, but it still remained to investigate many regions, just as Commander Byrd is carrying on investigations now. New invention had crowded after new invention, but they knew that there would be still others in the future. But more important, right this moment, were the discoveries they were making for themselves.

"Let's have a discovery-bee," said Grace. "We could take geographical discoverers first."

"What's a discovery-bee anyway?" asked Russell.

"Well, something like a spelling-bee," Grace explained, "only instead of trying to spell down, Miss Bradley could ask us questions about great geographical discoverers—people like Marco Polo, John Cabot, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Magellan, De Soto, Hudson—"

Grace stopped because of lack of breath, or perhaps because she had run out of names.

"Say, I know why *you* want to have a discovery-bee," Bill teased. "You know all about explorers already."

It seemed that Bill was right, because when they had the discovery-bee, Grace won. She wasn't the only one who knew about the great discoveries, though—they all did before the month was over.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

July Honor Roll

Louise Ballerstedt
Mary Chapman
Sara De Ford
Evelyn Dunlap
Marguerite Farmer
Dorothy Finkelstein
Kathleen Gatlin
Iva Sue Gatlin
Alice George
Julia Hartmann
Frederick R. Jahn

Rose Kugler
Gladdie Longbrake
Evelyn Melville
Gail F. Minter
Mae Nagin
Robert H. Richardson
Doris Rognlien
Dorothy Webber
Margaret White
Vivian Whitehead

THE RACE ON ROLLER SKATES

[Continued from page 505]

called out after the new boy,

"Don't forget that I'm counting on you to help us win. I'll stop by for you in the morning."

"I'll be ready," Francis promised.

Saturday morning at quarter after ten o'clock nearly all of the boys who were to take part in the race had assembled at their meeting place, the vacant lot on the corner of Arlington Street. Buddy Bowers had his team around him, giving them last minute directions. Each Sunnysiders wore a yellow band around his left arm. In another corner of the lot the captain of the opposing team had collected the Shadysiders in a group and was giving them a few instructions. The members of this team wore brown bands. Mr. Thompson, the physical director of the neighboring schools, who had consented to act as umpire, had arrived, as had also a number of boys and girls who had come to witness the race and cheer for their favorite teams.

"Why isn't Andy here?" Buddy asked, impatiently. "We're going to start in a few minutes. Tom, you run to his house and see what's wrong."

Just then Andy and Francis appeared in the lot.

"Buddy, I'm not going to skate," Andy began, pleasantly. "Francis is going to take my place."

"What's the matter, Andy? Hurt your leg or somethin'?"

"No, but I've decided not to skate in this race."

Buddy looked dismayed, as did all the other Sunnysiders.

"Lost your nerve, did you?" one of the boys jeered.

Andy's face flushed, but he answered quietly.

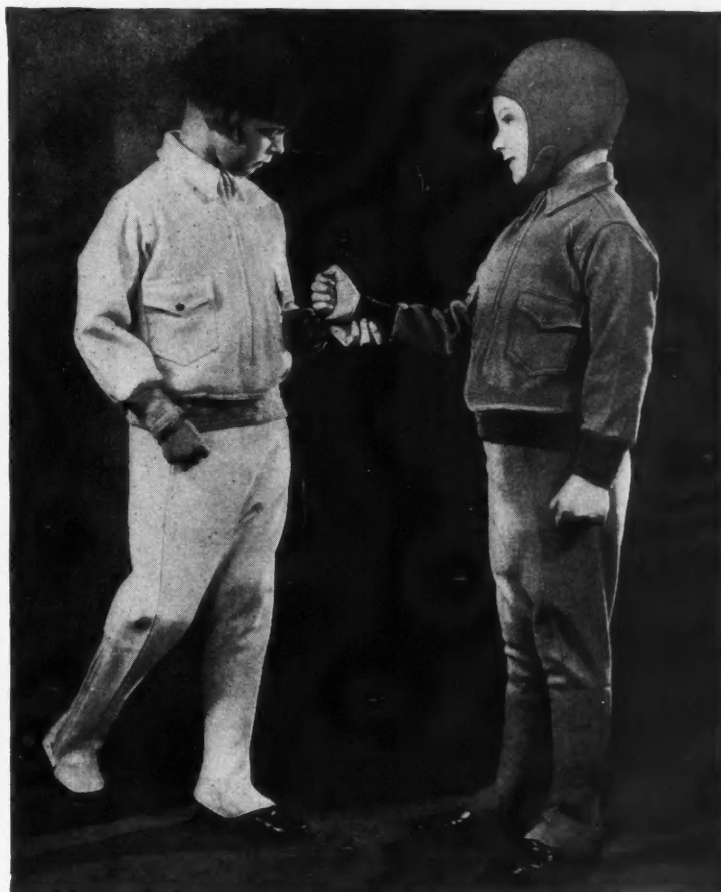
"I did not, but I have my own reasons for not skating in this race."

Buddy took Andy aside.

"That boy can't skate. You're just giving the race away to the Shadysiders. Come on, be a sport," urged the captain.

"You just wait and see if he can't skate!" Andy exclaimed, con-

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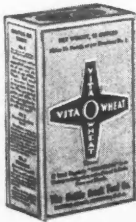
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fidently. "I'm counting on him to help win the race. Anyway, I'm not going to skate."

Just then Mr. Thompson shouted, "First skaters, come to the starting place. It's time to begin."

Each Sunnysider was lined up with a member of the other team who was about his own height and build, and only two boys were to race at a time.

Accordingly, two boys took their places at the starting point. For a moment there was complete silence. Then Mr. Thompson blew the whistle.

"Go it, Sunnysider!"

"Keep it up, Billy!"

At once the brown-banded boy took the lead, but the yellow-banded boy was not far behind. He kept to an even rate of speed, until, taking the turn at the other end of the block, he threw all the energy, which thus far he had been saving, into an effort to catch up with his opponent. A moment later he reached the goal, breathless but victorious.

At the end of four rounds, each team had two victories to its credit. The fifth round would decide the race, and Francis Frame was the fifth skater for the Sunnysiders.

"Don't forget, I'm counting on you," Andy said encouragingly as Francis left the group to take his place at the starting point.

The Shadysider who was to skate with Francis was about the new boy's own build. Francis's legs were, perhaps, a trifle shorter.

For the fifth time that morning came the starting signal.

"On your mark!"

"Get ready!"

"Go!" shrieked the whistle.

Francis forged ahead and held the lead for a few rods. Suddenly the Sunnysiders gave a groan, and Andy groaned with the rest. Somehow Francis had slipped, stumbled, and had sprawled flat on the sidewalk.

"I knew it! I knew it!" Buddy moaned.

The Shadysider, encouraged by the downfall of Francis, quickened his speed; and by the time Francis had regained his feet, his opponent had passed him and was well ahead.

"Go it, old man!" shouted Andy, at the top of his lungs.

Then the Sunnysiders gave a cheer. Francis had redoubled his speed, and was slowly creeping up on his rival. At last the end of the block was reached. Both skaters had made the turn and were racing back toward their cheering teams. The Shadysider was still ahead, but only by a very slight margin. Now they were side by side.

They were quickly nearing the end. Every boy in the lot was shouting at the top of his lungs, but somehow Andy's voice could be heard above the rest.

"You can do it! You can do it!"

Francis heard his friend's voice, and with a quick and tremendous burst of speed crossed the goal, a yard ahead of his rival.

The Sunnysiders had won the race. Francis Frame would no longer be the "new boy" in the block.



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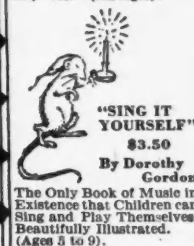
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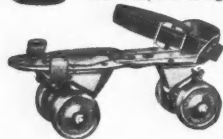
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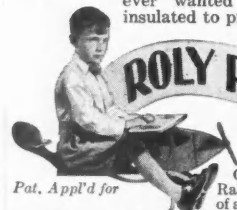
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ANIMAL SHOW

DIRECTIONS

(See page 534)

THIS game is played on the open page of the magazine. Lay the magazine flat on the table or floor, with the leaves folded under to make it a flat game board on which the game is played with buttons.

The game is a tent divided into sections and a ring with a pony. You may use small buttons of different colors or different colored threads may be sewn at the center of your buttons to tell one from another. Each player has one button.

The players pretend they are the clowns in the four corners of the page, and want to visit all the animals and have a ride on the pony. The first one to do this wins the game. Any number up to four may play. One player is chosen to keep the score and has a pencil and piece of paper and writes the name of each player at the top.

Each player puts his button on his particular clown at the start. Each enters the game, through the little house at the top of the game, and plays from left to right. He then closes his eyes and says, "Tick-tack-toe," then opens his eyes. If he is on a space with an animal the score keeper writes the name of the animal under his name.

If it is on a blue space he gets another turn, closes his eyes again and says, "Tick-tack-toe." If it is on a black space he must move his man back to the last orange space and wait for another turn.

After his score has the names of all the animals—two monkeys, two trained ducks and three marvelously educated dogs—he goes around again in the same way, closing his eyes and saying, "Tick-tack-toe," until he comes to the riding master who gives him a ride on the pony.



THE BUREAUS WITH EARS

[Continued from page 493]

they seem to be afraid it won't hold them."

"I've heard tell that mules is stubborn," replied Mr. Barlow, "but I guess they'll go across if I get after them. I've got to drive these folks out to the hotel in time for dinner."

He climbed out of the bus and took the reins and whip from Edie. "Now then, Balaam and Co," he said with a humor which was lost upon the children, "git on there! Move, I tell ye!" But this spirited address had no effect. The donkeys only turned their noses in toward each other and seemed to be plotting. Mr. Barlow cracked the whip and laid it smartly over their backs.

"Oh, don't hurt them; they're so little!" wailed the children.

"Little fools!" panted the bus driver, tugging at their bridles. "They won't go ahead and they won't back up. I don't know what's to be done."

Just then another bus came over the top of the hill. The passengers looked with amazement at the scene.

"I guess the circus has come to town," said Seth Holman, the driver, and he got out to see what it was all about.

When Mr. Barlow had explained, and had admitted his inability to make the arrivals from Colorado move on, Seth Holman took the reins from him.

"I shouldn't think a pair of little donkeys would beat you, brother Barlow," he said. "You don't want to use force with contrary critters like that; coaxin' is what they want!"

He took the burros gently by the bits and urged them forward. "Come on here, little fellows," he said gently. With delight the children saw that their new pets seemed inclined to obey, for they took a few hesitating steps, but the minute they heard the hollow sound of their hoofs on the bridge, they halted in fright.

"I don't know what we're goin' to do," repeated Mr. Barlow, despondently, "movin' heaven and earth ain't anythin' beside movin' these little beasts. I just hate to think of all these folks missin' their hot meal."

No one else seemed able to think of a plan and the sun grew hotter and the passengers hungrier and the drivers more and more impatient, until unexpectedly, help arrived. A thin white horse

[Continued on page 532]



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LEGGINGS . . BLOUSES . . SETS

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(Continued from page 489)

The boys become "dead shots" and bring home rabbits and fish from their day's hunting trips. I like Indian boys. They are strong and brave, they never complain and are quietly courteous and kindly. In the southwest where rattlesnakes are found, the larger boys are sent to get rattles which their mothers use for ceremonial decoration. Now, according to an old Pima custom, the rattles must be taken from a live snake, and the boys accomplish this even to-day. There are lots of things I would rather do than take the rattles from a live rattlesnake.

I so thoroughly enjoy Indian life and customs that it is hard to stop writing about them, but my space is more than filled, and so I will close this article with one Indian legend.

Many of you know the "Br'er Rabbit" stories by Joel Chandler Harris. In Indian stories the smart coyote often plays a role similar to Br'er Rabbit. This you will see in the Pima tale. You will also learn how the coyote—a prairie wolf—got his dirty grey color, and why he so often slinks.

THE BLUEBIRD AND THE COYOTE

Long long ago the bluebird was a very ugly color. Now there was a lake that had neither inlet nor outlet, and in this lake the bird bathed four times each morning for four mornings. (Four is a magic number with most Indian tribes.) As the bird bathed it sang:

Gá to setcu anonima rsoñga,
Gunañursa,
Wuś sikâ sivany teuteunoña!

which is the Pima's way of saying:

There's a blue water,
It lies there.
I went in,
And I am all blue!

On the fourth morning, the bird shed all its feathers, but on the fifth morning they came in again and were as blue as the sky. Now Mr. "Cutey" Coyote, whose coat, in olden time, was green, had been watching all that happened to the bird, and was just crazy to change his own coat to a beautiful blue, but he was dreadfully afraid of water, as are all wolves. Finally, on the fifth morning he barked out this foxy compliment to the bluebird, "You are more beautiful than anything that flies in the air." The bird cocked his little head first on one side and then on the other, and strutted around a bit like "human birds" do when flattered.

He graciously chirped, "Do you want to be a blue coyote?"

Mr. Coyote barked, "I want to be blue! I want to be blue!"

"Very well," said the bluebird, "I'll teach you the magic song and you must sing it for four times each morning for four mornings."

Mr. Coyote was clever and soon learned the song, but it took his last ounce of courage even to *think* of going into that cold and wet water sixteen times in four days. However, a coyote knows what he wants when he wants it, and he said to himself, "It may be a dreadful experience but think how all my friends will envy my beautiful blue coat! I'll do it! I'll do it!" He did it, and so became a beautiful blue wolf, as blue as the bird who taught him the magic song. He looked at his reflection in the water and almost burst with pride. He was so proud of his looks that he never stopped to say "thank you" to the bluebird, but galloped off bravely, barking to attract the attention and admiration of all the other animals. He became so excited that, as he ran down a path, he bumped straight into a stump, and rolled over and over in the thick dust. At last he regained his footing and shook and shook and shook. But never could he shake off that dust, and again make himself a beautiful blue. All the other animals were looking and laughing at him. He slunk away, in shame. To this day his coat is a dusty grey, and to this day he slinks, as one whose pride is crushed and who fears to be looked upon.



DINAH COMES

[Continued from page 497]

He was suspicious. Could it be that this teeny weeny round furry ball was really a CAT? Grr-rrrrRRR!

"No, Tykey!" said Edie. "You mustn't touch Dinah. No! Mustn't!"

Tykey cocked his head on one side.

The little teeny weeny round furry ball moved.

Suddenly—Psssst!—came from the little teeny weeny round furry ball. It spat at Tykey! Yes, it did!

Oh, ho! Tykey had heard that noise before all right! Maybe this thing in Edie's arms *was* little and round and furry. It was CAT just the same!

Dash! Tykey went for it.

"No!" cried Edie very quickly, very sternly. She put her arm around Dinah.

No, Tykey! Mustn't touch!"

Tykey stood still—very crestfallen. At last he understood! He was going to have to be nice to that horrid spitty little furry thing, because Edie said so. And he had to mind what Edie said. He put his tail between his legs. He was very sad.

Without even the tiniest growl he slunk over to the corner of the porch. He sat with his face in the corner—sad as anything.

And Dinah scampered on her little short legs, and tried to catch her little straight tail with her little fat paws. Round and round and round she rolled in the sun. She never even looked at Tykey in the corner. She never even bothered to spit at him again.

"La! la! la! la!" she seemed to say, rolling merrily in the sun.

"La la! la! Perhaps you'll play with me some day, you dog—who knows?"

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It was developed largely on the request of doctors to protect mothers from a grave injustice practiced in calling alkaline soaps "non-irritating" and "safe." For soaps were called gentle that were not; harsh soaps, caustic soaps, soaps irritant to baby skins.

Mothers thus were at a loss as to which soaps were safe for their babies and which were not. All looked alike, smelled alike, seemed alike. Some were good, some were not. Mothers had no way of knowing.

To meet that situation this CERTIFIED Baby Soap was developed—and the brand name of Stork given it—so that mothers could be protected in their buying.

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"You wouldn't believe it. And neither would I three months ago. You see, Bob's schooling had worried us for ages.

"Gone all day, learning we didn't know just what, long hours indoors, trips back and forth in any kind of weather . . . well, naturally he was tired and didn't have much interest in studying in the evenings.

"So we decided to try the Calvert Home Instruction Courses. The famous day school in Baltimore that sends its courses all over the world, you know. Just think of having my boy home all day . . . and learning more than when he went to school!

"All you do is follow the daily outline . . . anyone can do it. And we're easily through by noon . . . so more play-time outdoors.

"I never knew school books could be interesting," he said naively the other night. That's the secret. Calvert lessons keep the child interested all the time. Of course, the individual instruction . . . no class to keep pace with . . . helps too.

"Bob really is finding that he has a mind of his own. He loves Art, History, and Nature Study. Yes, he's even learning to write compositions . . . right along with his three 'R's.'

"I don't know what school you're sending your children to now . . . and I hope you won't mind my saying so, but . . . you really don't know what your youngsters are missing if you haven't tried the Calvert Courses!"

For 32 years the Calvert School in Baltimore has successfully educated children from Kindergarten to High School. Thousands of parents have taken advantage of the Home Instruction Department. Daily lessons, books and personal guidance are supplied every home pupil. Thorough preparation for High School is accomplished in six years . . . besides the necessary fundamentals, a delightful fund of information about scientific, general and cultural subjects is given. Calvert Home Instruction Courses are under the supervision of V. M. Hillyer, A.B., Harvard, author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc. His latest book, "A Child's Geography," will soon be on sale. It presents this subject in a manner that will fascinate every child. Mr. Hillyer, who is Headmaster, has had over 30 years' experience in the training of children.

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CALVERT SCHOOL

110 Tuscany Road, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me full information regarding your Home Instruction Courses.

Name _____

Address _____



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[Continued from page 519]

SPAGHETTI WITH ITALIAN SAUCE

Measure 2 quarts of water (8 cupfuls)

Add 1 teaspoonful salt and bring to a boil.

While the water is heating, break up enough spaghetti to make one cupful.

Drop the spaghetti into the boiling water and boil for 20 minutes.

Pour it all into a colander and drain.

Pour 4 cupfuls of cold water over the spaghetti in the colander to remove surplus starch. This is an important step, as without it extra starch will be left and the pieces of spaghetti will stick together in a most unappetizing fashion.

While the spaghetti is cooking, prepare the sauce.

ITALIAN SAUCE

Grind or chop enough cooked ham to make 1 cupful.

Grate cheese enough to make $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful.

Chop fine 1 tablespoonful of parsley and 1 sweet pepper; chop $\frac{1}{4}$ of an onion.

Measure $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls of cooked tomatoes (fresh or canned). Strain out pulp and seeds. Or measure $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of canned tomato juice and add $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of water.

(Probably by this time the spaghetti will be cooked. Follow directions for taking it up and then go on with the sauce making.)

Into the small saucepan put the chopped onion and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter.

Melt and cook together till the butter begins to brown.

Add 2 tablespoonfuls of flour and cook till smooth.

Add the tomato juice gradually, stirring all the while, and cook till smooth.

When it is well blended, add the cooked ham, the parsley and pepper and cook gently for one minute. (Notice that you do not add the cheese.)

Now, having reached this point in our cooking, we shall have to decide which of two very good ways we shall serve our spaghetti. We can put the sauce and spaghetti in the baking dish and bake it. Or, we can reheat the spaghetti with $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of cream, cooking it only till it is hot through, and then take it up into a serving dish as we would mashed potatoes. Then the sauce and the cheese are served in separate dishes and added as each person is served. This is a very Italian fashion and is fun. One takes a spoonful of spaghetti, then a ladleful of the sauce and then sprinkles a teaspoonful of grated cheese over the top—a delicious combination.

If you decide to use the baking method (and we think that for frequent use it may be the better, as the sauce and cheese are evenly divided and cook through) butter the baking dish and put in $\frac{1}{2}$ of the cooked spaghetti.

Cover it with $\frac{1}{3}$ of the sauce.

Sprinkle over the top, very evenly, $\frac{1}{3}$ of the grated cheese.

Add a second layer and then a third, till all the material is used.

A few cracker crumbs sprinkled over the top make a nice crust but are not essential.

Bake in a moderate oven 25 minutes and serve at once.

By serving a salad and a sweet with this dish you will have a well-balanced meal and a very delicious one.

LUNCHEON

Spaghetti with Italian Sauce

Pineapple and Cucumber Salad with Toasted Wafers

Apple Pudding, Hard Sauce

Milk

THE WISTFUL WITCH

[Continued from page 501]

JOANNA (*trying to hop just the way a real child does*): Th-th-h-thank yo-oooo-u. [*Together they put it on.*]

CHUCK: Well, I won't do it—if you say *please*. But just the same, my daughter *deserves* to be tickled.

[*HE glares at JOANNA who shrinks from his gaze and smiles at HULDA who offers her a handkerchief.*]

HAL: We enjoyed your radio program so much. Who put it on?

CHUCK (*beaming, and walking to the back of the stage with him*): Halloween Magic Corporation, makers of goblin wings and these witch broomsticks you see here. [*They examine one very closely, and for a moment or so they talk in such low tones we can't hear what they are saying.*]

HULDA: It's time to go home now—to Mother. [*She clasps her hands and JOANNA imitates her.*] Do you suppose you could show us the way?

JOANNA: I'll take you both all the way on my broomstick. The motor's *very* smooth.

Hulda: Goody! And won't you all come and spend some week-ends with us? I know Mother would love to have you.

JOANNA (*delightedly*): Oh, would—would she tuck me in at night? [*HULDA nods.*] And would you teach me to roller skate?

HULDA: If you'll teach me broomstick-flying! (*To CHUCK and the other witches*) Won't you come back for a visit with us, too?

CHUCK, ARAMINTA and EMMALINE: Thank you but we don't go visiting.

CHUCK: But Joanna may go if she likes. Girls, get your broomsticks and take them part way, too. And sing your song for them as you fly.

ALL (*waving to CHUCK*): Good-by!

CHUCK (*gruffly*): 'Bye.

The witches pick up their broomsticks and sing and dance around HULDA and HAL as they start slowly off at the right. CHUCK picks up the "Goblin Gazette" and pretends to read, then slowly lets it fall as he, too, listens to the voices that grow softer and softer when the witches and children fly out into the night.]

WITCHES (*singing*):

One little, two little
Three little witches,
Fly over haystacks,
Fly over ditches,
Slide down the moon
Without any hitches,
Hey-ho!
Halloween's here!

Dust off the silvery stars
Till they're gleaming,
Down where the will o' wisp's
Beckoning, beaming,
Dance in the dusk while the
World lies dreaming,
Hey-ho!
Halloween's here!

CURTAIN



Rover's Surprise for Babette

UNCLE JACK has a great shaggy dog. Uncle Jack calls him Rover. But Babette calls him "express wagon." Do you know why? Because every time Uncle Jack wants to send Babette a present, he sends it . . . strapped on Rover's back!

That's how Babette's best doll and her little sailboat came! That's how . . . but there! I'm getting ahead of my story!

One day, when Babette just couldn't get down her last glass of milk, Uncle Jack was there. And that afternoon he sent her . . . the queerest present—strapped on Rover's back! Something warm, Babette could feel *that*, even through the paper!

"You open it up, please, Mother," begged Babette.

So Mother did. And inside was . . . a little bucket with a tight-fitting lid. And inside *that* . . . something nice and steaming hot—something that Mother poured into a cup and offered to Babette.

"Uncle Jack says in the note," said Mother, "that it's a new way to drink milk. It's Postum-made-with-milk. And if you like it . . ."

"Like it!" exclaimed Babette. "Why, Mother, I love it! It's so nice and brown! And hot! And in a cup! Just like the drinks you drink! And . . . oh, Mother, look! Rover's sitting up and begging! Mother, I do believe that Rover wants some, too!"

MOTHERS: Instant Postum made with milk is really an ideal drink for children. It brings all the body-building nourishment of milk, along with a warmth and a flavor that make it welcome every time. Authorities regard it so highly that it has become an established part of the noonday lunch in schools throughout the land. And it is easy to prepare. Just add hot (not boiled) milk to Instant Postum.

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Carrie Blanchard.

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Perfectly safe for you to play with

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This folder tells all about the Fox Play Gun. We'll send you a copy—free. Write today.



FOX

PLAY GUN

THE BUREAUS WITH EARS

[Continued from page 527]

hitched to a rickety old buggy approached from the other side of the bridge. It came to a halt, and the queer looking old man in it scrambled out and hobbled toward the group around the burros, shouting offers of aid as if he knew at once what the difficulty was.

"Picayune Smith, as I live!" ejaculated Mr. Barlow, as they all stared curiously at the queer figure with baggy trousers, ancient swallowtail coat and rusty stovepipe hat, beneath which a big nose protruded with two pairs of spectacles astride it.

"Is it really Picayune Smith?" asked the Mason children, their eyes as big as saucers. The old farmer was quite a local celebrity and they seldom had the chance to see him, although they passed often his big, gaunt house with the high fence around it. Strange tales were told about him to the effect that the old man was a miser hoarding up every bit of money, no matter how small, and this habit had given him his nickname of "Picayune." He was supposed to be a mysterious sort of person as well, who could do all sorts of weird things.

"What is he going to do?" inquired Edie breathlessly. Mr. Barlow did not reply and, as they all stood watching, Picayune began to make queer noises in his throat and to stroke the mild-eyed Rio Grande behind the ear. Reaching over he did the same thing to Denver, the burros exchanging startled glances, as though they recognized a master. The next moment he limped hastily over to his own buggy, which he turned around and backed slowly until it was almost touching the burros' noses. Then he got out and took hold of one of the long ears of each animal; and stooping down, he whispered a word first in one ear and then in the other. No one could hear what it was but everyone saw his lips move.

"Magic!" breathed Mr. Barlow, and in fact the charm, whatever it was, seemed to work. For hardly had the old miser climbed back into his own rig and started his horse, when the burros, stepping cautiously, followed him and in a few moments were safely across the bridge.

"Hooray!" shouted the bus driver.

"Hooray!" shouted the passengers.

"Hooray!" shouted the children, running after the burros. They climbed into the wagon and the procession started.

When they reached home at last, and the excitement over the "bureaus with ears" had subsided, Edie and Lonnie told their father all about Picayune Smith and the magic word which had made the burros cross the bridge. But the tale did not have the effect they had anticipated.

"Nonsense," their father said. "My dear children, there wasn't any magic about what Picayune did. I've known horses, even, to be afraid to cross a bridge and to do it only when someone backed up another team and gave them confidence by leading the way."

Edie and Lonnie listened politely as they always listened to Father but they did not feel convinced. The next time Rio Grande and Denver balked, Edie stepped up to each one and whispered, "Ple-e-ase," very softly in his ear, and they moved on.

"That must be the magic word," she said.

Father laughed. "Well, it usually is with folks. Still, I have a hunch that you blew in their ears and tickled them. That will sometimes make a burro move."

"Anyway," said Edie, "it worked."

THE WILLOW WHISTLE

[Continued from page 508]

with the deep-running creek splashing between and the thunder of the racing feet sounding hollow along the bank. Then, suddenly, the Indian checked his pony, jerking it back upon its haunches, as he lifted his torch high and shouted with one last defiant yell. The flame streamed out like a banner and showed the rider in full light, a boy, as Eric thought, no bigger than himself, with streaming black hair and a scarlet band around his head. Eric saw him for an instant, then felt his own pony lurch forward and heard the sliding sound of earth and stones giving way under the four plunging feet. They had come to a high bank where the small stream cut through to fall into the bigger river. The Indian had pulled up just in time, but Eric and Sancho went scrambling and tumbling over into the black darkness below.

They fell, horse and rider at some distance from each other, upon a soft bank of sand, and got up, both of them dizzy and trembling, but neither of them injured.

"Good gracious, boy, where did you drop from?" said John Seabold's voice close by. The four men had been riding up the bank of the river and had stopped, startled, as Eric and his mount came shooting over the moon-lighted bank to fall almost at their feet.

The two Indians did not speak at once. They were looking up at the red-skinned boy with his torch, on the ridge above. The wild rider with one last whoop of mocking defiance, wheeled and galloped away.

"No Sioux," said the Indian nearest Eric. And the other added—

"An Arickaree, not a friend."

His few words of English could not tell them much, but it made them understand vaguely that something must surely be wrong. The Arickaree Indians were neighbors of the Sioux but were unfriendly to them. Each tribe was fond of attacking the other's villages, trying to scatter and drive away their horses, for horses are the property which Indians prize the most.

The whole party rode forward quickly, though the only further words were spoken by John Seabold.

"Gray Eagle's village should be just there, at the bend of the river."

They came to the place where the river swept in a great curve, shining in the moonlight. Here indeed had been the Indian camp; here were marks of horses' feet everywhere, piles of embers where fires had been hastily trodden out, tumbled heaps of skins where lodges had been knocked down. But there was never a voice nor a sound, not a shelter standing, not a grazing horse or a barking dog to show that a band of Indians had lived here for months past. The white riders stood still, staring blankly about them.

"I see what has happened," said Eric's father.

[Continued on page 536]



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the
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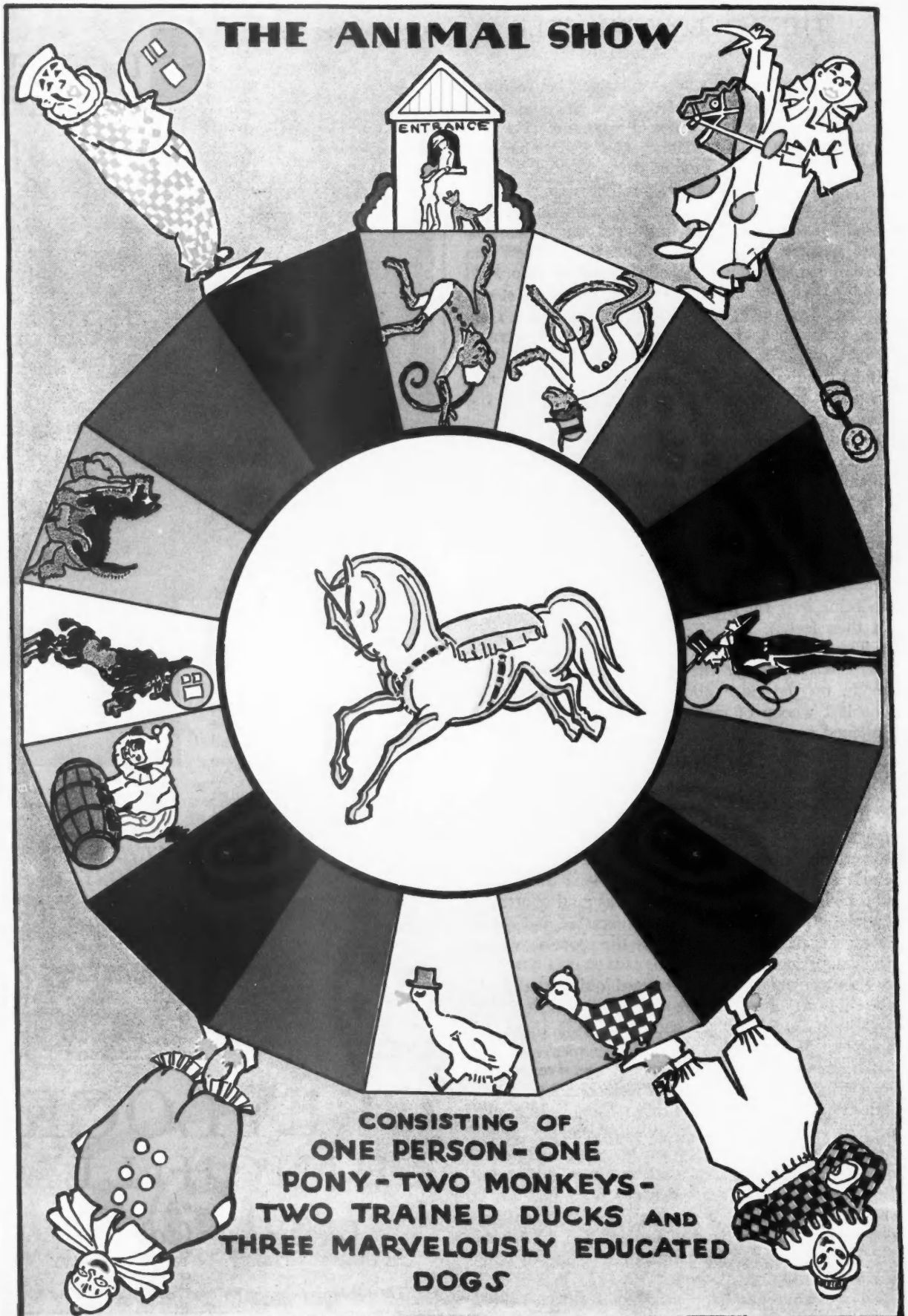
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See page 526 for directions.

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CHERIE dances happily, for she has won the jack-o'-lantern contest.

The jack-o'-lanterns smile approvingly at Cherie's little kindergarten dresses, especially the pumpkin colored linen she is wearing. Mother can make you one, too and can also make you frocks in the quaint

style of Cherie's other dresses. All three may be made with sleeves, if preferred.

Pattern No. 6509, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.

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You can have lots of fun and learn to draw at the same time, if your Dad will buy you one of our "Old Faithful" Play Sets.

These beautiful drawing sets have drawing books, paints, brushes, crayons, pictures to color, modeling material, colored pencils, paper dolls, scissors, and dozens of other things that you can use.

We have sets for the smallest tot and more elaborate ones for even the most ambitious young artist.

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Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure.

HUNGRY for her dinner! Expecting, too, a meal that's different and exciting.

Don't disappoint her, Mother! Make the simple "good-for-you" foods as attractive as the desserts. Then, of course, at the end of the meal—something special. For children adore a "s'prise". A big ginger cookie, perhaps...

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Please send one free copy of "The School Lunch Box".

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BLOW OUT THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

By HARVEY HAEBERLE

A jack-o'-lantern containing a lighted candle is placed on a table. The players are divided into two teams, one side being called the ghosts, and the other side, the witches. Each player, one at a time, is led to the jack-o'-lantern, blindfolded, turned around three times, and told to blow out the candle. He is permitted to blow three times; and if he succeeds in putting out the light, he scores a point for his team. At the end of the game, the side having the most points wins.



THE WILLOW WHISTLE

(Continued from page 533)

"The Arickarees came riding down to drive away the Sioux horses and Gray Eagle's men knew there were too many for them to fight, so they just scattered and slipped away. There has been no battle here; the Sioux Indians got away too quickly. When Indians decide not to make a fight, they can disappear like a broken covey of quail. There's no knowing where they have gone."

There was no need for anyone to add, "And there is no knowing what has happened to Mary Anne."

"You ride up the river bank," John Seabold directed Eric's father, and then pointed, so that each Indian should know whither he was to go. He turned about to tell Eric to keep with one of the older riders. But the boy had already been taken with a plan of his own. He had chosen the trail leading from the shore toward the hills and had swung Sancho up the bank and had disappeared among the shadows.

(Part III of "The Willow Whistle" will appear in the November issue of CHILD LIFE.)



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Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six
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dren's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie
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LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

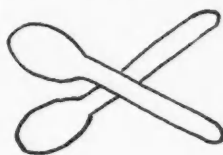
Let us draw a hairpin long;
Make it look quite straight and
strong.



If a football line we add,
We will have a spoon for Dad.



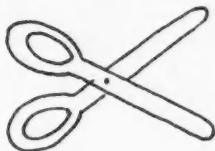
Draw another spoon just so.
Rackets, then, for brother Joe!



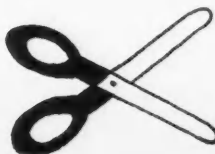
Two more footballs, if you please;
Make them tiny ones like these.



Now a wee dot let's place here—
Scissors, for our Mother dear!



Handles blackened in this way
Might improve them, some would
say.



Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia



*Are your children
leaders in school or
struggling to keep up*

In these days children need more help than they ever had. And they are getting less. The world is going too fast. The school rooms are too crowded. The teachers too busy.

If your children are getting good marks in school and showing leadership under these conditions, then they are all the more exceptional and you should help them more. But if they are having an unhappy struggle in their classes, then you should get busy immediately, without delay.

There is a way to help them now, at last, a way which three hundred and fifty thousand mothers and fifty thousand teachers have already discovered. There is, at last, a complete set of reference works of their very own, written and pictured in terms of their own understanding that they can turn to now on every question that bothers them. It is called

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CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor
536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HALLOWEEN FUN

Goblins and spooks
Are in scary nooks,
Waiting to scare,
The poor unaware.
The person who goes,
Past these fiercest of foes
The goblins will gobble,
The spooks will scare,
Halloween, to the village,
Is a funny nightmare.

Tin horns are tooting,
And witches are riding,
On broomsticks or mops,
And are often colliding,
With bats, and with owls
Who fly in the night,
Where people are gathered,
To give a big fright.

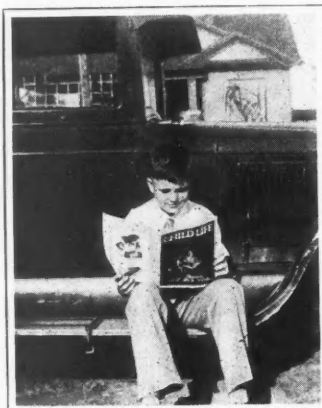
All of the spirits
Are flying about,
"And the goblins will get you,
If you don't watch out."
Often you will meet
A tall white ghost,
Or shiver at a jack-o'-lantern,
On some fence post.
But let's go out
With everyone,
Put on our masks
And have some fun.

ALICE BOOTH,
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on Las Olas Beach. Las Olas means "The Waves" in Spanish. I have been down in Florida almost a year, and love the ocean.

ALICE BOOTH,



O. V. BECK, Jr.
Nocona, Tex.

Dear Miss Waldo:

There are many interesting places in Wilmington. One of these is the Old Town Hall, owned by the Delaware Historical Society. Some of the things in there are a punch strainer made from the first dollar Benjamin Franklin earned as a printer. There is a part of the step Thomas Jefferson stood on to read the Declaration of Independence. There is a mourning ring for King George II. One of the things the boys would like is a case of Indian tools. The girls would like the case that holds the doll Japan presented to Delaware.

IDAIRE SMOOKLER,
Wilmington, Del.

AN AUTUMN EVENING

The sky is clear and blue just now,
The leaves are turning brown;
Night is coming on
And the sun is going down.

HELEN GREENMAN,
Montclair, N. J.
Age 6.

HOW INK-TAH GOT HIS NAME

Once upon a time there was an Indian boy called Ish-kay-nay. Across the river in another tepee lived Nejuenee, his friend. Nejuenee said, "Let's make us a tepee," so they went to work to build them a tepee. It took them two moons to finish it.

After it was finished all their Indian playmates came to see it. They stored all kinds of meats, vegetables, smoked fish, honey, berries, and roots, enough to last two hundred people for five months. Ish-kay-nay and Nejuenee were very proud of their tepee.

Ish-kay-nay and Nejuenee played in their tepee for the two more months of summer; then old winter came in. Ish-kay-nay and Nejuenee did not go to their tepee for fear that they would get caught in a snowstorm.

By and by all the food was gone in the Indian village and old winter was still there. It was then that Ish-kay-nay and Nejuenee thought of the food they had stored in the playhouse lodge, as they had named it. They told the braves and they went and got it. The people of the little Indian village ate the food and were thankful to Ish-kay-nay. They named him Ink-tah, which in English means, "saver."

O. V. BECK, JR.,
Nocona, Tex.
Age 12.

Nazareth

CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Fall Comfort for boys and girls

WHILE Nazareth undergarments retain the old-fashioned comfort which only knitted fabrics can give, Nazareth styles are thoroughly modern. Necks, sleeves and legs are cut to harmonize with junior styles in outer apparel.

Under the Nazareth label, famous for over forty years, you can get a variety of underwear styles for infants, boys and girls; all moderately priced.

Consider Nazareth underwear from any angle—health, comfort, service, value and you will find that Nazareth measures up to your idea of what good underwear should be.

Look for the Nazareth label when you buy. If your retailer cannot supply you, write for the Nazareth catalog, mention your dealer's name and we will see that you are supplied.



Style BUDN for Boys and Girls illustrated above; heavy-weight, Dutch neck, waist union suit. Bleached, fleeced, knitted fabric. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rusting metal pin-tubes. Taped buttons where needed. All flat seams. Collarette neck.

Style BU

same as above with long sleeves, ankle length.

Style BUDN/A

same as BUDN with short sleeves, ankle length.

All above made in sizes 2/3 to 12/13. All have ribbed cuffs on arms and legs. Price \$1.00 a garment.

Catalog Sent On Request

Nazareth Waist Co.

366 Broadway Dept. L. New York City
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.

OCTOBER

Leaves are falling,
Birds are calling
In the tree tops high,
Winter is drawing nigh.

Flowers growing,
Cocks all crowing,
Summer going fast,
Fall is here at last.

DORIS PERINCHIEF,
Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

Age 11.



My dear Miss Waldo:

I am inclosing a picture of me in my goblin suit, as I was in a play and was a goblin. I certainly enjoy my magazine. I read it from cover to cover. One of my favorite stories is "The Buried Treasure House."

I am very glad to say that I am going to have my membership card framed.

With love to all the members, including you.

Your member,

DORIS PERINCHIEF,
Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

Age 11.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a little electric train with track and with two switches and one crossover. I have a two-wheeled bike, and can do about ten or fifteen tricks on it.

I went to Washington, D. C. in August with my dad to see my uncle who is a Navy lieutenant. That was the farthest I have been out of Minnesota.

Yours truly,

MARTIN J. MCGOWAN, JR.,
Appleton, Minn.

Age 8½.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a pet dog. When I got him he was only a baby pup, but now he is much bigger. He is all black except his toes, which are all white at the end, except one. I have a kitty and one day it caught a baby rabbit. I took the rabbit away from Tom (that was his name) while Grandma held Tom. I took the rabbit in the house and put it in a box. I fed it clover and water, but it wouldn't eat or drink. It just poked its head up in the corner and stood that way all night. In the morning I let it loose and it went under the fence and ran over to a big tree in the woods and crawled under it. I expect its mother told it not to eat or drink in strange places. Anyway I am going to get a tamed bunny.

A lover of "Child Life,"

MILDRED MORGAN,
Shelbyville, Ind.

Age 11.



+++ what is Playskool Institute?

PLAYSKOOL Institute is a group of educators, authorities on child training, practical teachers and parents, all working together with a commercial organization to originate, produce and distribute play material in which is incorporated the basic idea of "learning while playing."

As a result, every product of PLAYSKOOL Institute is approved and sponsored by this active council whose purpose is to provide busy parents with practical play suggestions and materials which will develop the minds of young children in a logical, orderly manner.

PLAYSKOOL Institute Products

The leading product of the Institute is PLAYSKOOL, the Home Kindergarten, which fits into the broadly accepted program of pre-school training in the home. Other products recently introduced are: WHOOF, WHOOF, The Brown Bear Bag Game; PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box, a happy assortment of wood blocks, pegs and peg board in an attractive wood box; The Little Peggy Box, a similar, but smaller assortment, in a cardboard carton; KnoWood, an educational kit of 24 wood studies properly labelled and marked with pictures of the leaves and seeds of the various species of trees represented.

All products of the Institute are based on the fundamental PLAYSKOOL Idea of "learning while playing."



Send 25¢ with coupon for the "Get Acquainted Package"

— containing the booklet, "Pre-School Training in the Home," PLAYSKOOL Cut-out Lesson, Sample KnoWood Study and complete information on all PLAYSKOOL Institute Products.

Ask for them at your dealers or use the coupon below as an order blank.

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE
394 COMMERCE ST. MILWAUKEE, WIS.
A DIVISION OF JOHN SCHROEDER LUMBER COMPANY

PLAYSKOOL INSTITUTE, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send me the item or items I have checked below. 10-CL-29

- ☐ One PLAYSKOOL, Home Kindergarten @ \$16.50
- ☐ One "Whoof, Whoof" Bean Bag Game @ \$ 1.25
- ☐ One PLAYSKOOL Peggy Box @ \$ 3.00
- ☐ One KnoWood Kit..... @ \$ 2.00
- ☐ One Little Peggy Box @ \$ 1.00
- ☐ One PLAYSKOOL "Get Acquainted Package" @ \$.25

Enclosed find \$.....in payment of above items.

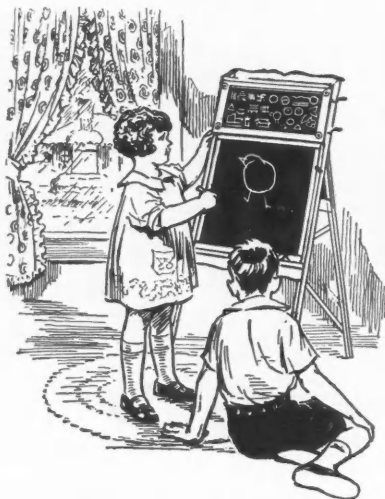
Name of Parent.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Litho Plate

Educational BLACKBOARD



They Learn While They Play

EVERY child likes to draw. A Blackboard is something that appeals to children and furnishes an endless source of instructive amusement during the long Winter days. A LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard, with its many instructive and entertaining educational charts and smooth, unbreakable, slated blackboard, provides entertainment and practical instruction, of which children never tire.

Gratify your children's natural desire to express themselves with a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard.

If your local merchant cannot supply you, we will be glad to send you a LITHO PLATE Educational Blackboard, as illustrated, with 40 educational charts and unbreakable, slated blackboard, \$4.95, or one having 60 educational charts with 30 charts in color, @ \$5.95, f. o. b. Muncie, Indiana.



**RICHMOND
SCHOOL FURNITURE CO.
Muncie, Indiana**

THE MOON

I saw the beautiful moon on high,
Way, way up in the dark blue sky.
It looked like a ball of fire to me,
It was a beautiful sight to see.

Written when
aged 9½

JEAN GODARD,
Miami, Fla.

KITTY'S ADVENTURE ON HALLOWEEN

Characters: Black Cat, Bat, Witch, Goblins, Mr. Moon, Mr. Owl, Ghost.
Scene I: Takes place by a fence in the corn field at twelve o'clock at night.

Black Cat: Oh, I'm so lonely.

Bat: Who is lonely?

Black Cat: I'm lonely because I haven't anything to do.

Bat: Well, come with me to the corn field. There is enough to do there.

Black Cat: Who's there?

Bat: Who's there? Why, the witch who comes every year at this time. You'd better watch out.

Black Cat: Why watch out?

Bat: What! Why, she and her goblins have a pot of water to make soup for them if they find anything to eat.

Black Cat: What's that!

Bat: Oh, here she comes now. Hide behind that pumpkin.

Witch: Well, haven't you found anything for me to eat yet?

Bat: Yes, but you don't want to eat it.

Witch: Let me see it.

(Bat calls Cat from behind the pumpkin.)

Bat: Here he is.

Witch: Come, goblins, look what the Bat found.

First Goblin: Oh, look! He fits on your broom.

Witch: I'll give him a ride.

Black Cat: Oh, thanks, Mrs. Witch.

Where are you going to take me?

Witch: I'm going to take you to Mr. Moon.

Scene II: Witch takes Cat on her broomstick to the Moon.

Black Cat: Oh, who's this?

Witch: This is Mr. Moon.

Mr. Moon: Well, well, who's here and who is this?

Witch: This is a little cat that the Bat found.

Mr. Moon: Well, what are you going to do with him while you sweep these cobwebs away for me?

Witch: I'll tie him to this cobweb while I sweep the other side of you.

[Witch ties Cat to a cobweb, when all of a sudden the Moon laughs and the cobweb breaks; and the Cat falls out of the sky down to the earth and is carried away by a ghost.]

Witch: Bad Mr. Moon. Why did you laugh? The cobweb broke and now I have lost my cat.

Mr. Moon: Oh, look! A ghost is carrying him away.

Witch: What shall I do?

Mr. Moon: Ask the wise old owl.

Scene III: The old oak tree where Mr. Owl lives.

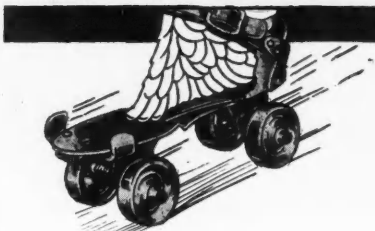
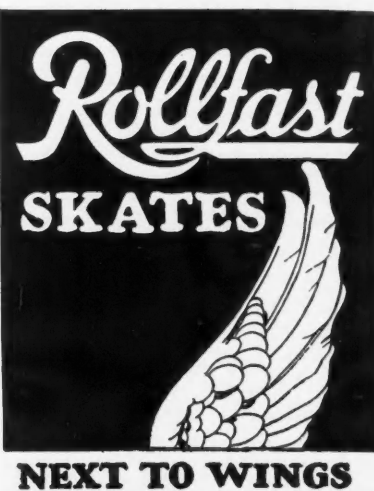
Owl: Too-wit, too-woo, what can I do for you?

Witch: Oh, Mr. Owl, with your great big eyes, people say you're so wondrous wise. The Ghost took my cat away; can you get it back before break of day?

Owl: Too-wit, too-woo, I'm a wise old owl, but I can't help you. The Ghost has the Cat and he will not be seen, till we get together next Halloween.

Age 10.

BILLY BEGGS,
Denver, Colo.



For the feet of Kids who are loved

FOR those lovable kids who are to have the best of everything . . . who are to be leaders in their games and play . . . only Rollfast Skates will do!

It is easier, you know, to skate well—faster—longer without tiring—on the extra-big ball bearings and smooth-rolling wheels found only in Rollfasts.

Just one look shows the extra safety of these low-built, sturdy skates.

And when the sales clerk explains the Patented Flexible Reinforcement that never permits Rollfasts to sag or bend, even when fully extended . . . you will surely agree that here are the roller skates for your boy or girl.

No danger of outgrowing Rollfasts! They extend from 7½ to 10½ inches; fit any size shoe, children or adult. At sporting goods, hardware, toy and bicycle stores . . . in bright orange boxes.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.



"Will there be an upstairs, too?"

"Yes, if the glue holds out. And if this tube gets all squeezed, there's more where this one came from. But if anything happened to Mr. LePage's I don't suppose there'd ever be any more doll's houses at all!"

Cheer up! Mr. LePage's enjoys excellent health and expects to supply the world with glue for making and mending for many years to come. LePage's is so handy, so strong, so quick and easy to work with. It has always been the mending friend and now thousands make and decorate with its help all sorts of lovely gifts of wood, leather, cloth and paper, following ideas in magazines, or in LePage's New Craft Book, for a copy of which send 10 cents to LePage's Craft League, 694 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE



These Safety Swabs Are Double Tipped

The approved way to cleanse baby's eyes, ears or nose is with Q-Tips. They are tipped on both ends with boric-dipped twists of soft, sterilized cotton. No sharp points. Physicians approve. Mothers like their convenience. 100 uses for adults. In handy, dustproof packages, 25c and 50c everywhere or write Dept. 22, Q-TIPS, Inc., 32 East 31st Street, New York.

Q-TIPS

BABY GAYS

THE TWO WITCHES

I saw two witches riding on a broom,
They seemed to be riding up to the moon,
But one broom fell down with a big ker-plunk,
And the witch fell down with a loud, loud bump.

The other one followed down,
With a great big thump as she landed on the ground.
The other, she laughed till she rolled down the hill.
And then they both had a great big spill.

HELEN PHINNEY,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Age 9.



HELEN PHINNEY
Indianapolis, Ind.

MY EXPERIENCES IN FLORIDA

I have had many experiences in my life. One time my father took us to Florida and I had a lovely time. He took us to an Indian reservation. All over we saw the thatched roof houses and indeed some were just sticks with a roof on the top. We saw an Indian woman grinding corn and working in the house. As soon as we entered, Indian children gathered around us. After that an Indian man showed us the alligators.

He told us that if a person rubbed an alligator on the stomach it went to sleep. My father tried it and the alligator went to sleep.

While down in Florida I went up in an airplane. It is quite a sensation.

Your friend,

ALVA ABER,
New York, N. Y.

Age 12.



GWENDOLYN KNAPP, HER TWIN
SISTER AND CLASSMATES

Dear Miss Waldo:

My room at school takes "Child Life." We enjoy it very much and can't wait for the next number to come.

Our teacher gave a folk dance for the P. T. A. and my sister and I were in it. We are twins, ten years old, and will be in the seventh grade next year. The name of the dance is "Glow Worm." The cross in the picture indicates our picture.

We are visiting our grandmother and are having a big time.

Sincerely yours,

GWENDOLYN KNAPP,
Sarasota, Fla.

Send your
children to the
*Sunshine
Schools*
this winter!

FROM KINDERGARTEN TO JUNIOR COLLEGE



No extra cost!

GIVE your children the advantages of a winter in Florida's health-building sunshine, bathing in the flood of ultra-violet rays which good old Dr. Sun dispenses at St. Petersburg. It need not mean sacrifice for them or for you of home life or scholastic opportunities. St. Petersburg's Sunshine Schools from kindergarten to Junior College—as good as any schools in the land—are open to your children without tuition. Junior College only \$120 yearly. Private schools if you prefer. You can keep the family together, all can enjoy outdoor life and play, bathing in sun and sea, and escape from snow and ice—at no extra cost. Apartments, furnished homes and hotel accommodations available to suit every taste and purse. Your winter coal bill will pay your way to Florida.

FREE BOOKLETS

To thousands of parents the way is now open to aid their children to sturdy health, at the same time enabling them to make better school progress. You'll be interested . . . write today for school folder and booklet.

THE SUNSHINE CITY
St. Petersburg
FLORIDA

MAIL TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLETS

S. A. Deaderick,
Chamber of Commerce,
St. Petersburg, Florida

Please send me a copy of your special school folder and city booklet.

Name

Address

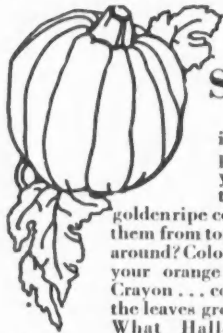
City and State



**Malt
O-Meal**

Lagging appetites respond quickly when Malt-O-Meal is served. For this wheat cereal, flavored with caramel malt, is as delicious as it is wholesome. Endorsed by physicians for infants and children. Cooks quickly. For large free trial package send us your name and address and grocer's name. Write plainly.

CAMPBELL CEREAL COMPANY
Northfield, Minnesota
A CEREAL YOU'LL ENJOY



JUST SUPPOSE

...you were walking through a field of pumpkins. Wouldn't you love to touch them and watch the

goldenripe color of the sun cover them from top to bottom and all around? Color this pumpkin with your orange CRAYOLA Wax Crayon... color the leaves green. What Halloween

c'en fun you can have with your CRAYOLA!

Buy CRAYOLA at drug, stationery, department, or chain stores... eight bright colors for only ten cents.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
41 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y.



CRAYOLA

Ask for
**Century
Sheet Music**

The richest child
is poor without
Musical Training.

SAY "CENTURY" and get the best Certified Music. It's 15c (20c in Canada). Most teachers use it. Parents appreciate the saving and the pupil gets the best. Get free catalog of 2500 selections at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.

232 West 40th Street
New York City



15c

The richest child is poor without Musical Training



**DECORATIVE
MOORE
PUSH-PINS**

Will beautify any room

10c a block 3 SIZES 6 COLORS All Dealers



LILIES

I think lilies
With white petals
Look almost like silver medals.
Bluebells look
As though they ring,
While the little birdies sing.

MARY BUCHANAN CAROTHERS,
Age 7. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I read "Child Life," as my sister gets it. "The Workshop" and "Chip's Chums" are the best parts.

I am sending a true story, along with this letter, for printing in the Joy Givers' columns.

From,

EVERETT BOVARD, JR.,
Rye, N. Y.

Age 12.

THE GHOST

Several boys were peering into an old, dark barn one gloomy day. One of them suddenly said, "Let's explore this! It ought to be lots of fun." "Sure," said another, and the boys went in. The barn didn't look very inviting, however, and two boys, more timid than the rest, hung back. "Look out! Something's in there!" screamed one as he saw a white shape slowly swinging, floating, across the barn. There was a sudden rush for the outside.

"What can it be?" one of the older fellows whispered excitedly.

"I don't know," fearfully whispered another. Just then, "creak, creak," a funny swishing sound was heard. Then a little fellow yelled. "Ha! ha! The joke's on you, boys!" They all asked him what he meant. The little boy fumbled for a switch. Suddenly there was a light, and the boys saw a white pillow swaying on a swing!

EVERETT BOVARD, JR.,
Rye, N. Y.

Age 12.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live on Magunco Hill. It was formed by the glacier. It is the steepest hill in the town. Its surface is rough and rocky. Magunco Hill was named by the Indians who once lived here. It means "the place of big trees." It is where John Eliot preached to the Indians. Many traces of the Indians have been found. Among these are arrowheads, tomahawks, carvings on rocks, trails, and Indian Brook.

Your friend,

BERYL B. WILBUR,
Ashland, Mass.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am going to tell you something about our airport. "The Big Maddux" trimotored planes arrive each noon and fly right over our place. The planes fly from San Francisco to Fresno, from Fresno to Los Angeles, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. There are two that come, one from the north and one from the south. They make quite a lot of noise. They are twelve-passenger planes. Every morning the air mail plane comes over and awakens us. In the wintertime it comes so close to our house that if it came another foot it would take off the roof. It was a queer feeling to lie in bed and have it go over.

We have a big ranch. It is five and one-half miles northwest of Fresno. It has one hundred and eighty acres in fruit. The peaches are ripe now and we are picking them for the cannery.

From a Joy Giver,
LUCILE M. SKOEGARD,
Fresno, Calif.



Sleeping time is growing time

YOUR Baby! He must be snugly safe in comfortable sleep for health's sake. Simmons Cribs are scientifically built to insure this. They are washable, durable, adjustable, firm, noiseless, and come in many colors and designs. \$12.50 to \$40.00. Beautyrest Mattress to order.

**SIMMONS
CRIBS**

© 1929, Simmons Co.



Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

**Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢**
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

**FREE
new
BOOKLET
"GOOD-BYE
FRECKLES"**

STILLMAN CO.
29 Rosemary Lane
Aurora, Illinois

Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dear Miss Waldo:

Our town touches the beautiful, broad Columbia River of the west. Sometimes when we cross the river in the fall, it is very calm. When it is this way, we can see a reflection of pretty, turned leaves and the beautiful snow-capped peak of Mt. Hood in the background. Of course, the scene is upside-down, but it looks pretty, anyhow.

Yours truly,
MARGERY SAVAGE,
Vancouver, Wash.



MARGERY SAVAGE

THE FLASH

Almost a year ago I started editing a magazine called "The Flash." I asked a few girls to help and we soon had it in full swing.

This is how we did it. There were five of us and we elected certain groups to do certain things. Two had charge of cutting the paper for the magazine and two had charge of the printing. I received a typewriter soon afterward and we now make the copies on that. The other girl had general charge of all the girls. We all looked for stories, plays, and poems, and some of us made up some things to put in it.

We charge five cents a copy.

Try editing a magazine and use "Child Life" as a model!

MARGARET ANN KENT,
Rutland, Vt.

LOOK AT THEIR GRIP



The patented "Adjusto" fastener and the soft cork cushions hold like a vise, but gently, without winding. Silvery or gilt finish. Rounds—4, 5, 6, 7". 25 cents each. Ovals—3 x 6, 4 1/2 x 9". Best for fine needlework. At all good stores, or from

THE EMBRO MFG. CO., CANTON, OHIO

Cuticura Toilet Preparations

Delightfully fragrant, highly developed toilet accessories—a most reliable method of cleansing and beautifying the skin and hair. 25c. each everywhere—Samples free of "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

Boys! Join LYONSPORT AERO CLUB



BARRELS OF FUN

Go to your nearest toy store and ask to see the free Lyonsport model airfield exhibit. Learn how you can build model planes, Zeppelins, hangars, mooring masts, beacon lights, and have a complete airfield of your own. It's easy with Lyons Metalcraft construction sets. Learn how to become a member of the Lyonsport Aero Club and win a "pilot's" emblem. Lots of fun and instruction. Send name and address for full information.

Metalcraft Corporation
5114 Penrose Ave., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



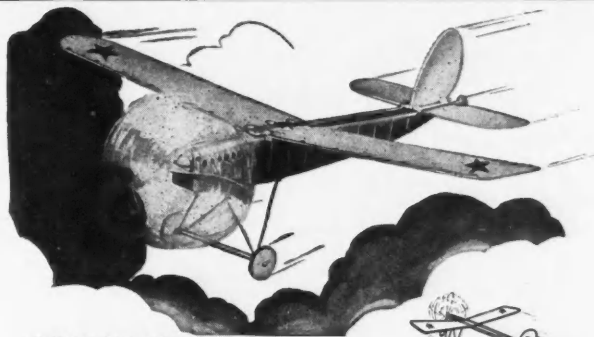
This Winged Emblem Given to Members!

Stops Slipping—Falling In Bath Tub or Shower

Patented annular vacuum cups molded in Footsure Safety Bath Tub Mat make it non-slip on the slippery surface of the tub. Made of high-grade, white, odorless rubber. A safeguard for everyone, especially expectant mothers, young children, invalids, and the elderly. Many use two mats, one in the tub, the other on the floor.

Sold at \$2.95 by leading department, house furnishings and hardware stores throughout the nation. Circular Free. Footsure Co., Inc., B-20, 407 East Pico St., Los Angeles, Calif.

FOOTSURE Safety BATH TUB MAT



SENSATIONAL!

It "Taxies"—"Takes Off"—Flies!

Under its own power

THE thrill of a lifetime and fun galore are yours with the new Kingsbury "Silver Arrow" Flying Plane. It's the most sensational model plane in years. There's nothing quite like it. It may be launched by hand and it also "taxies" over the ground, "takes off" and flies—under its own power. Just wind up the propeller and let 'er go! She's off like a flash—faster and faster—climbing, climbing—way over the housetops, diving and dipping and banking on a long continuous flight—then gliding down to a perfect landing. Picture it! Think of the breathless excitement you will have with such realistic flight action! Not a construction toy but a fully built plane. A few moments to assemble and it's ready to fly. Designed by Charles H. Grant, pioneer model airplane designer. Wings and body of light Balsa wood reinforced with aluminum braces; aluminum propeller; strong elastic motor. Four models: No. 1, Racing Type, wing spread 18 in. \$1; No. 2, Racing Type, wing spread 24 in. \$2; No. 21, Cabin Type, wing spread 22 in. \$2.50; No. 22, Cabin Type, wing spread 26 in. \$3.50. (West of Miss. \$1.10, \$2.20, \$2.75, \$3.85). Be first in your neighborhood to own a "Silver Arrow." If your dealer hasn't this Kingsbury thriller, order direct. Kingsbury Mfg. Co., 80K Myrtle St., Keene, N. H.

KINGSBURY MOTOR DRIVEN TOYS

Send 10c for this Eraser! A steel disc wheel from a Kingsbury Toy with a



"balloon" tire of solid eraser rubber. Set of four, 35c. Toy Catalog Free.



FREE! Plans for a Children's HALLOWE'EN Party

Here's some real fun for your Halloween Party! New plans full of ghosts and goblins, spooks and specters—enough jinks to surprise all your friends. Ideas for invitations, decorations, games, stunts, prizes. Just send the coupon below.

And remember that for any other kind of party, at your home, club, or school, you can get everything you need to make it a big success—crepe paper, decorations, place cards, novelties—at your local stationery, department or drug store.

But send the coupon now for the free plans. And why not the Halloween Number of the Party Magazine at the same time—only 25c.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 124-K
Framingham, Mass.

Please send free, the plans for our Halloween Party

Name

Street or R.F.D.

City

State

To get the Party Magazine (Halloween Number) enclose 25c and check here.....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

Crepe Paper Costumes	Table Decorations
Children's Parties	Crepe Paper Flowers
Money Making Parties	Staining Wax Crafts
Showers & Announcements	Wearing with Rope
Decorating Halls & Booths	Waxed Pond Lilies (Free)
The Party Book (\$1.00)	Novelty Dolls (Free)
Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making \$5.00	
Course in Arts and Crafts for Home Decoration \$2.00	

Dennison's

Modern Maternity GIRDLE for Comfort and Safety

Recommended by leading physicians for use before and after the baby arrives.



Mrs. Carl E. Tumler of Chicago writes: "My Doctor advised a maternity support for me before the birth of my second baby. I ordered the Modern Maternity Girdle and I want to tell you how well pleased I am with it. I had no tired back and felt much improved in both general comfort and looks. The front adjustable feature makes your girdle superior to any I ever saw before. I am up now and feel fine. My Doctor says to continue wearing it for a while longer as it is the safe thing to do. I will surely tell my friends about your practical girdle."

TRIAL OFFER

For the next thirty days we are offering expectant mothers one of these modern maternity girdles. You may wear it for two weeks and if dissatisfied for any reason your money will be promptly refunded.

LONDON & WARNER

332 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Dept. G10

Send me a Modern Maternity Girdle under your money-back guarantee. My weight is _____ height _____ waist measure _____

☐ \$6.50 enclosed ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name _____

Address _____

NOTICE TO JOY GIVERS

Contributions intended for the Joy Givers' department of the January issue of "Child Life" will be received in this office up to October 30. In this number the best contributions of honorary members, between the ages of 13 and 15, are published.

TELKO POCKET FLASHLIGHT
3 LIGHTS IN ONE
Single WHITE RED GREEN
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**Every Baby
NEEDS A SNUGGLE RUG**

Write for circular and name of nearest store.
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SNUGGLE RUG for Baby

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Largest and best appointed kennels in world. Puppies—all ages, colors. Will send C. O. D. \$25 up.
Send for pictures
Also dog remedies
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SCOTTISH TERRIER
The ideal dog for children. Young Stock now ready.
Prices reasonable
LOGANBRAE KENNELS
Rutland, Vt.

MY KITTY

I have a little kitty,
Her name is Fluff,
She is as soft
As a powder puff.

She plays with a ball
Of bright colored string,
And chases mice
And everything.

Age 8½. **MARGARET McMILLEN,**
Pueblo, Colo.

Dear Miss Waldo:

Mother bought us children a copy of "Child Life" and we have enjoyed reading the poems and stories of other children.

I have a sister who will be ten years of age soon and a little brother four years old.

I am in the seventh grade.

Your friend,

Age 12. **MARGARET PERKINS,**
San Angelo, Tex.



MARGARET PERKINS
San Angelo, Tex.

TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD WITH CERESOTA



With the Rubber Hunters

THE Chief of the Rubber Hunters was glad to see Ceresota and gave him a pair of magic boots—the ones you see him wearing on the sack of Ceresota Flour, the Prize Bread Flour of the World. The Rubber Hunter's wife was a real witch and—But you must read this story yourself in a pretty book with lots of colored pictures, that takes you all around the world with Ceresota, the flour boy. And it shows you how to paint such pictures your very own self with a set of real water colors that comes with it. Send for them today.

The Northwestern
Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" (48 pages, 12 colored pictures, 12 painting charts) and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name _____ CL 1

Town _____

R. F. D. _____ State _____



Ceresota Flour



Dear Miss Waldo:

I have a pony named Dixie and she has a two-months old colt named Miss Molly. I have a saddle and a home-made bridle for Dixie. I also possess a pair of cowboy shoes which I use to ride with. They are real cowboy shoes because they have the standard cowboy heel and they cost seven dollars and ninety-five cents. I also have a pair of genuine cowhide chaps, but I have outgrown them.

I live in the lower Rio Grande Valley where the Texas grapefruit comes from. I live only seven miles from the border, and I speak good Spanish. As I live in the country, my only playmates are my sister and Mexicans.

Age 11. **RALPH D. LOVE,**
Weslaco, Tex.

Dear Child Life:

Since my letter has been printed in September (1928) number of "Child Life" I've received more than a hundred letters from different parts of the United States of America. I've been delighted very much to read all of them. I have answered many of them, but to answer all my new American friends is too difficult for me and so I decided to answer all them by this, my letter, which I ask you, dear "Child Life" to print once more.

Thanks to all my new unseen friends, so far there in America. If some one of them would be at one time or other in Crimea I should be very glad to see her (or him), at our home.

Love from,

Age 11½. **MARY, IRA, AND NINA VOINOVA,**
Simferopol, Crimea.
U. S. S. R. (Russia).

